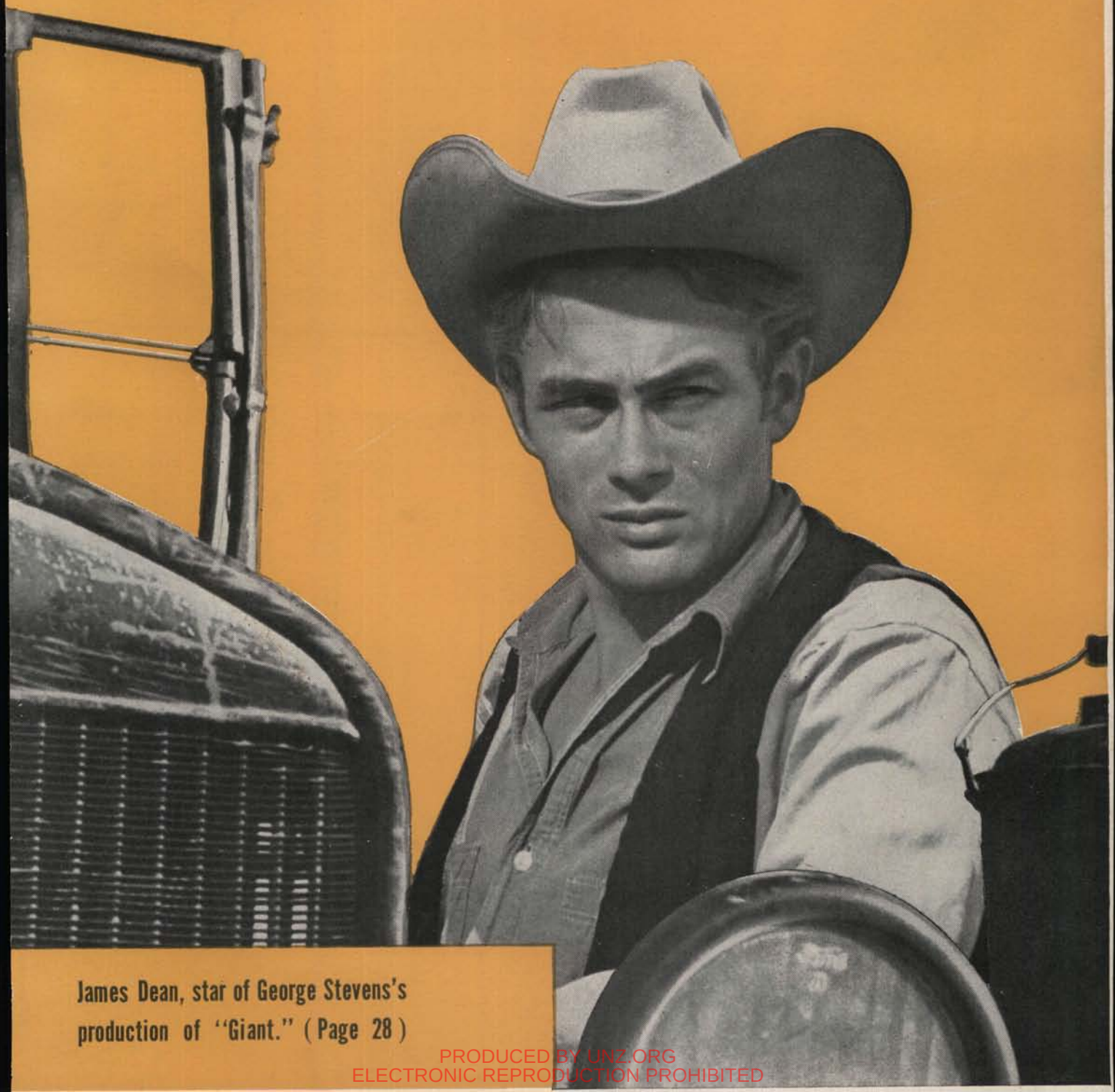
MID-MONTH RECORDINGS: MUNICH MARKS TIME, By Joseph Wechsberg

Saturday Review

OCTOBER 13, 1956 / 20¢

FOREIGN RELATIONS AND DOMESTIC BEHAVIOR, By Louis J. Halle



James Dean, star of George Stevens's production of "Giant." (Page 28)

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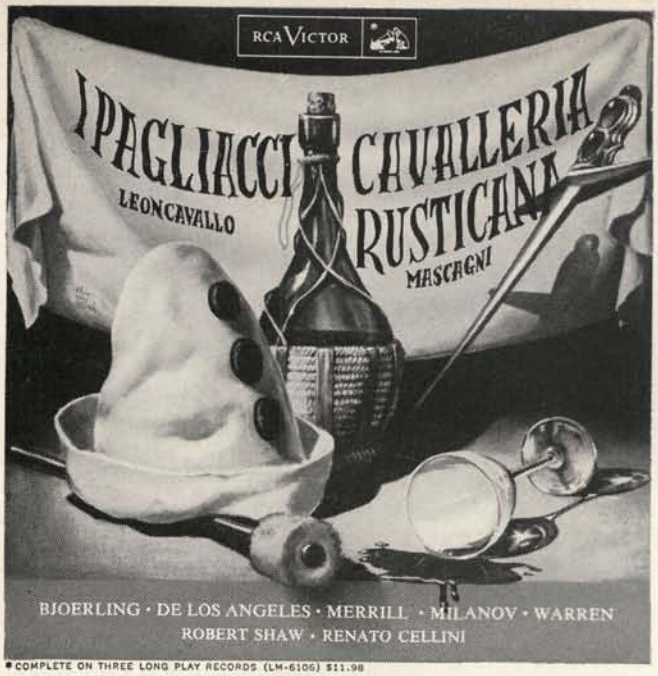

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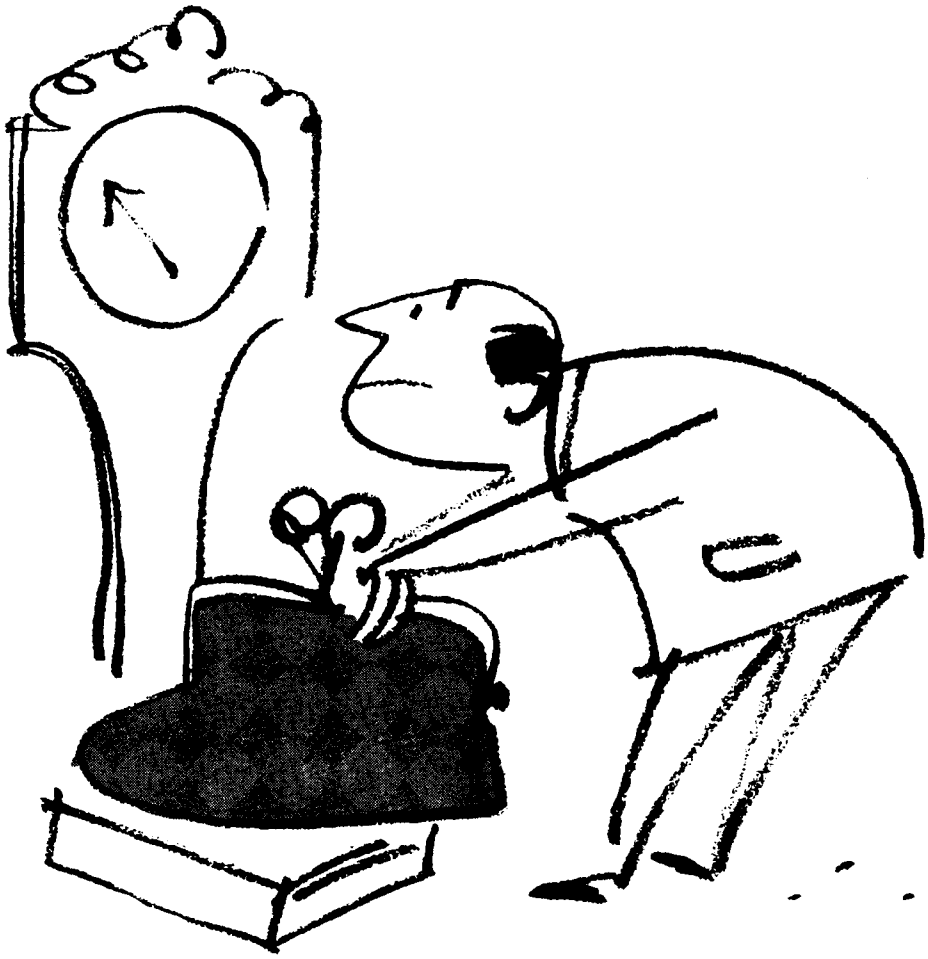

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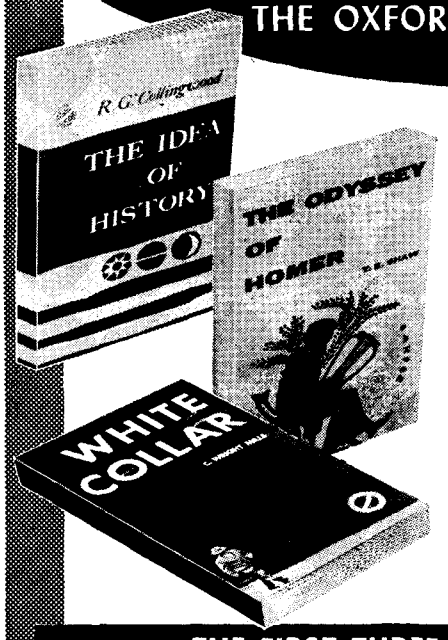

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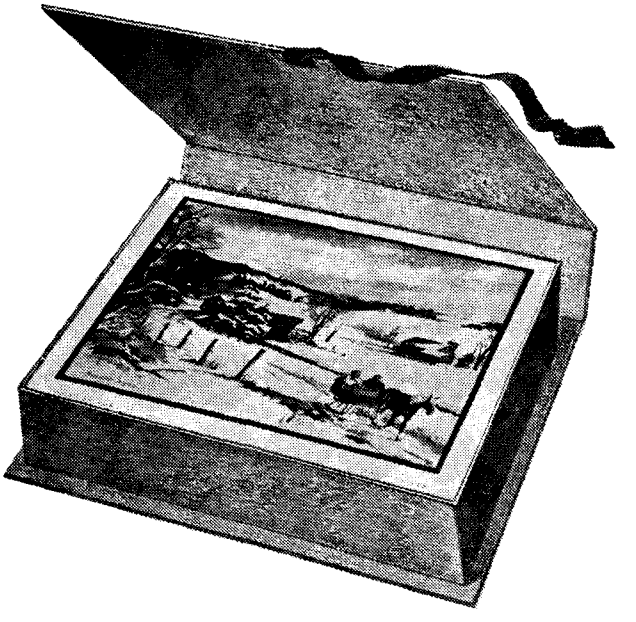

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

• • On the back of every Barnes & Noble delivery truck in Manhattan, observes David Deutsch, you will find the admonition "PASS" on the left side; on the right side "FLUNK."

• • At Columbia University, John Kotselak, weary of hearing American playwrights explain why they prefer writing about "little people," applauded the ringing authority of Joseph Mitchell's foreword to his "McSorley's Wonderful Saloon": "The people in a number of these stories are of a kind that many writers have recently got into the habit of referring to as 'the little people.' I regard this

phrase as patronizing and repulsive. There are no little people in this book. They are as big as you are, whoever you are."

• • In Pittsfield, Mass., the local movie house flashed these glad tidings: "Coming Soon! Gregory Peck in 'Moby Dick'—by Pittsfield's own Herman Melville!"

• • In Chicago, Irv Kupcinet nominates Red Sox star Ted Williams to rewrite a Dickens classic. Title of the new edition, of course, will be "Great Expectorations."

• • In London, esoteric Cyril Connolly inquired tartly, "Are we all expected to know where Gaboon is simply because Dr. Schweitzer lives there?" "And thus," adds Edmond Segrave, "in his self-confessed ignorance, the artful Mr. Connolly reveals himself still as one up on most of us, who probably didn't have the faintest notion that Dr. Schweitzer lived there anyway!"

• • In Amsterdam, Bill Hall proposed a series of clerihews on current publishers and authors, suggested for openers:

"I can't read books like I use 'ter,"
Moaned Max Schuster.
"What I do now, alas,
Is examine our list en masse."

• • In front of the Pavillon Restaurant, the absentminded chairman of a great book club sat patiently at the wheel of his car while the traffic light some distance ahead of him on Fifth Avenue turned red and green six times. At this point his wife thought it wise to point out to him that he was in line behind a rack of empty taxicabs waiting for customers.

• • In Mount Kisco, while attending tryouts of her new mystery play, "An Affair of Murder," Mignon Eberhart told me she's found out that you can kill a man by feeding him, of all things, too much nutmeg! Puzzle: How is she going to make use of this odd bit of information? Surely, not even the most easily satisfied whodunit fan would accept a scene in which a fiendish wife polished off her spouse by getting him to eat a slice of cake consisting of about 12 per cent flour and 88 per cent nutmeg! Can any readers come up with a likelier suggestion? The only time I remember even tasting nutmeg recently was when a bit of it was sprinkled on top of some foul punch ladled out to me last New Year's Day.

• • In Wellfleet, an author took one look at the shack his wife had rented for two months, hung out the name, "Wehaveno Farm."

• • In France, Cholly Knickerbocker asked nineteen-year-old Françoise Sagan how she came by the knowledge of illicit love affairs she reveals in her novels. Answered Mlle. S.: "In Paris when a girl does not know love by the time she is twenty it means only one of three things: she is not pretty, she has led too sheltered a life, or she is a Communist."

• • In a publisher's office, a society lass learned that her novel had been rejected (the only authoress under nineteen to miss out this year), and committed suicide in a spectacular manner. She jumped off her wedgies.

• • Joseph Hayes's tingling "The Desperate Hours" made a fortune for its author. His upcoming "Bon Voyage," written in collaboration with his wife Marrijane, will be a source of a different color—a rollicking tale of an Indiana family's first trip abroad. It has already been tapped by *Readers' Digest*, and Hollywood-be-purchasers are all over the Hayes premises.

• • In Cleveland, after watching Katharine Cornell do "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" for TV, Bill Feather began thinking how some literary physician, with a knowledge of psychiatry, might enlighten readers by writing a book in which, chapter by chapter, he would diagnose the ailments, mental and physical, of famous characters in novels and plays. The father of Elizabeth Browning would qualify for inclusion, of course, and also clamoring for admission would be Heathcliff, Hamlet, Scrooge, Captain Queeg, Madame Bovary, Sister Carrie, Becky Sharp, and Mrs. Bennett. Were this book well enough written, I agree with Bill Feather that it would be a certain best-seller.

• • In London, INS correspondent John Crider looked for his autographed copy of Robert Frost's "A Witness Tree," discovered that his

young daughter Cindy had used it to plug a leak in the fireplace. "It was the only one of your books that would fit the hole," she explained. Crider quickly de-Frosted his fireplace, and summoned the plumbers.

• • In Manhattan, New American Library has published in a twenty-five-cent paperback edition "A Devil in Paradise," an advance 128-page segment of a book called "Big Sur and the Oranges of Hieronymous Bosch" that New Directions has scheduled for 1957. The author is Henry Miller, hailed by *Time* magazine as "one of the most carefully wasted literary

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talents of the century," and responsible for all those "Tropic of Cancers" and "Tropic of Capricorns" that tourists smuggle in from Paris every year.

• • In Florence, publisher Howard Greenfeld told a companion, "I saw the darndest thing from the train window this morning just outside Rome: a lot of actors from 'War and Peace' playing baseball." "That's not unusual," countered the other. "With so many Americans here now, you're likely to see a ball game in progress most any place in Italy." "Not like this one," insisted Greenfeld. "Napoleon was playing third base."

• • At Random House, while the former Sing Sing guard and the two kerry blues who hang out there (not to mention your humble scribe) were looking the other way, some rogue broke open a show window and skedaddled with copies of "Rogue's March," "The Straight and Narrow Path," and "A Poor Man's Guide to Europe," the latter taken probably in the hopes it would present a few tips for a getaway. The observant Jean Ennis avers the kerries have been so blue ever since they haven't even bitten an agent.

• • In a Texas town, two bookshops on the same block compete for the trade of soldiers from a nearby military establishment. One hung out a sign reading "We are second to none." The shop alongside promptly covered its name with a placard reading "NONE."

• • In Princeton, the University Book Store sold so many books about birds in the past year, the management decided to add a sideline: an Audubon Bird Caller, which retails at $1.25. It has delighted the customers, too—all but one, that is, who brought the caller back in a huff and reported bitterly, "I have called birds with this blasted thing now for three days straight—and the only answers I got back were from squirrels!"

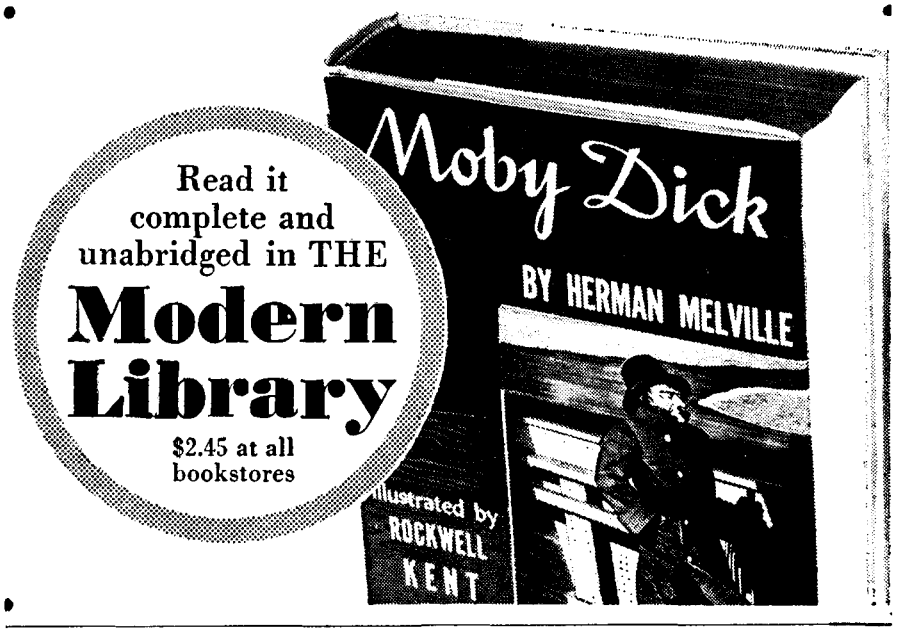
—Bennett Cerf.

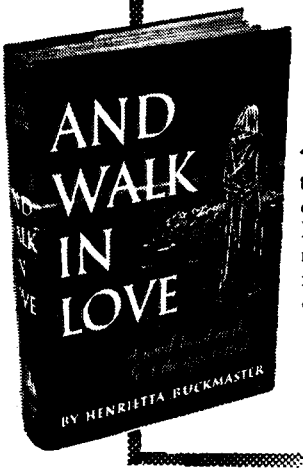
Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1176)

Aristotle:

POLITICS—BOOK FIVE

Flatterers are in repute with the demagogue in the democracy, for he is the proper flatterer of the people; and tyrants always love bad men, for they rejoice in being flattered, a thing which no man of liberal spirit will brook.





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The Saturday Review
OCTOBER 13, 1956

FOREIGN RELATIONS AND DOMESTIC BEHAVIOR

How to Lose Friends and Weaken America

Louis J. Halle, professor of international affairs at the University of Virginia (now studying for a year abroad), and former member of the State Department's Policy Planning Board, reports on the defacement of the American image around the world.

By LOUIS J. HALLE

> Nations break down abroad, but they are ruined at home . . . a breakdown in foreign policy betrays weakness at home—some failure to realize and to understand, some defect in training or temper, something intellectually or morally wrong, undeveloped or perverted. . . . Greek Democracy fell for want of intelligence of outsider and neighbor, for want of that great and peculiarly Greek gift of αιδως, the thought of the feelings and claims and rights of other men.—*T. R. Glover, "Democracy in the Ancient World."*

THE tendency of all democracies is to put domestic problems first. Foreign problems are distant, vague, and unfamiliar by contrast with domestic issues. A Wisconsin farmer, say, could hardly be expected to oppose an increase in the tariff on cheese because of the injury it might do to our relations abroad. What happens in Wisconsin is vivid and immediate to him, but what happens in Denmark happens beyond his horizon.

This common tendency has been accentuated in our democracy by the isolation that has been our historic lot. The preamble to our Constitution says that our purpose in organizing ourselves under one government is "to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity. . . ." Nothing about Denmark. Throughout most of our history we have, in fact, been able to concentrate on our domestic development, maintaining little more than a routine vigilance in foreign affairs.

When a nation's survival is threatened by developments outside its domestic jurisdiction, however, it may find itself compelled to subordinate domestic considerations to foreign policy. A dictatorship can do this almost as one throws a switch. The Kremlin, for example, can decide to increase the production of war materials at the expense of consumer goods and so order it. But in a democracy the population at large has to abandon customary ways of thinking and rise to the occasion. Except in the case of a Pearl Harbor, this can hardly be accomplished overnight or without great leadership.

THESE remarks are preliminary to suggesting that in the past half-dozen years, during a period of external danger which still abides, we have done notable damage to our foreign relations by our domestic behavior. The damage, however, has occurred beyond the horizon of most of us Americans and we remain unaware of it. When in an election year our official leaders tell us that the world's

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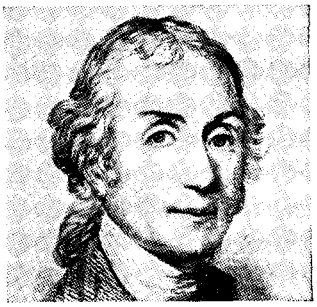
ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM AND AMERICA



—*Culver.*

Joseph Priestley.

—*United Press.*

J. Robert Oppenheimer.

PRIESTLEY AND OPPENHEIMER: The word "egghead" is perhaps less of a campaign issue today than it was in 1952, when it was presumed that "intellectuals" and "anti-intellectuals" abounded in American politics. In the Middle Ages all serious students of anything were regarded with suspicion. The pioneers of Western science, particularly, had no clear concept of scientific method; in their work magic, heresy, and legitimate research jostled on equal terms. Their hypotheses often disturbed medieval society, or challenged Church authority. Galileo was silenced; Bruno was burned. Even in the eighteenth-century in England the witch-taint clung to savants; in 1791 a Birmingham mob stormed the house and burned the manuscripts and apparatus of Joseph Priestley (1733-1804), a first-rate chemical genius with the hobbies of cheering on the French Revolution and writing tomes like "The History of the Corruptions of Christianity" (in two volumes). For many years the correspondent of American progressives like Jefferson, Dr. Priestley came over to Pennsylvania for peace and quiet. One-hundred-and-fifty years later some of the same clouds gathered over the austere head of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, renowned physicist and administrator of the atom-bomb project, who had stuck to his right to select his own acquaintances and topics of conversation regardless of security officers, military hush-hush, and Russian spy-rings. Long after the war to which he had contributed so much, three experienced, decent American public men—the Gray Board—acting under an Executive Order whose terms they themselves found distasteful, decided to revoke Dr. Oppenheimer's clearances. But the Board's action posed more questions than it laid to rest: How are scientists—often wideranging, ambitious, and fastidious "intellectuals"—to be fitted in with notions of "security"? Can it ever be profitable—in the long run—for the Republic to place any kind of lien whatever on free discourse, free speculation, and the free comings-and-goings of its honest citizens?

---

respect for the United States has never been so high before, few of us who are not students of foreign affairs have any means of checking their report. Most of us are predisposed to accept it simply because it is what we should like to believe.

Illiberalism and the persecution of dissent are not new in our domestic behavior. The puritanism of New England in the seventeenth century took no charitable view of human irregularities. The First Continental Congress created, in "The Association," a system of extralegal vigilante committees which persecuted nonconformists in the name of anti-toryism. The accusations of disloyalty discharged upon the second Truman Adminstration were akin to those that covered the second Washington Administration with mud. Against that Jeffersonian Republicanism which, according to a contemporary president of Yale, would mean the legal prostitution of "our wives and daughters," the notorious Alien and Sedition Acts were passed in 1798 and a wave of anti-intellectualism swept the country. Dr. Joseph Priestley, at that time, suffered essentially the same political disgrace as was visited upon Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer in our own generation. Both were victims of a public aroused by fear of ideological contamination. The contempt of legitimate procedure shown by Thaddeus Stevens and his Congressional allies after the Civil War resembles the behavior of radical conservatives in Congress during the past few years. The Espionage and Sedition Acts in World War I again represented a panic fear of disloyalty that exposed all individual distinction to persecution.

Night-riders or tar-and-feather artists have played a part in our history from the beginning. Perhaps one could say that they represent a minority tradition in America, the counter-force to our majority tradition of liberalism. This minority tradition is usually latent but rarely far beneath the surface. In periods of public confusion, uncertainty, and fear it breaks above-ground and makes a scandal among us.

The outbreak of the past half-dozen years is not essentially new. What is new is the consequence of that outbreak for the new role which our country has undertaken in the world.

IN 1947 we embarked on a new course in our foreign relations, undertaking to bear the leadership of the free nations in the face of the Communist challenge. In a sense this revolution in our foreign policy was inevitable because there was no other nation in a position to assume the leadership, and unless it was assumed the challenge could not be met or freedom maintained. Among men and nations alike, however, leadership exacts a price in freedom of behavior. The leader in a civilized cause cannot maintain his leadership and still get drunk in public as ordinary people can. He must conduct himself, rather, so that he stands as the living example of what those who are asked to follow him aspire to be. However much he may cultivate the common touch, he must still wear this dignity.

In the circumstances of freedom those who do the following do it voluntarily, as an expression of their respect for the leader. This means, among other things, that they must have confidence that he represents in his own character their ideals and their aspirations. Abraham Lincoln was not a great leader primarily because he was clever, decisive in action, a good political showman, or an astute politician. His moral or spiritual leadership came first, and it depended on the fact that he represented those liberal and humane ideals for which our country, in spite of the minority tradition, stands.

This suggests what is meant by saying that the image of America in the eyes of the rest of the world is all-important. For with us, too, moral leadership must form the basis of political leadership and come first.

It is in this respect that our leadership has chiefly suffered in the

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past half-dozen years. In these years we appear to have undergone a domestic transformation that has substantially altered the image of America in the eyes of the world, and that has made it harder for us to gain the acceptance of the free world as a symbol of that freedom to which it aspires.

This transformation has gone so far so fast that we have hardly grasped its import ourselves. We underestimate it—where foreigners, looking at us from a distance, undoubtedly exaggerate it. The stereotyped image of America in our eyes (in spite of the minority tradition) has always been that of "the Land of the Free." Europe has seemed a land of oppression by contrast, and we all know what the Statue of Liberty has meant to those escaping as political refugees from the Old World to join us and live, at last, in the freedom that we alone represented.

This image of America and this meaning of America goes back to our origins and is the great moral justification for our national existence. In Thomas Paine's "Common Sense," published some six months before our Declaration of Independence, he wrote: "Every spot of the old world is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round the Globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her as a stranger and England hath given her warning to depart. O! receive the fugitive and prepare in time an asylum for mankind."

It is this image of America that has been defaced in the past few years, so that the traditional contrast between the Old World and the New has been in some measure reversed. For those of us whose thinking tends to lag it is still startling to read an article by Professor Carr of Dartmouth in *The New York Times Magazine* on why it is possible for the British to enjoy greater political and intellectual freedom and more extensive civil rights than we enjoy in America. It is startling to read explanations in English and French newspapers of why Americans are impelled toward the suppression of dissent as the English and French are not. And it is dismaying to see political refugees from our shores being received as such on the opposite side of the Atlantic.

Let me give one example. In September 1952 one of the great artists produced in this country set sail from New York for a vacation in Europe. Technically, Charlie Chaplin is an actor, but it has been pointed out that his contribution has in fact been

(*Continued on page* 47)

BERLINER BIOGRAPHIES

Three Sketches of Startling Strangers

By EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

WERNER DAYA was a businessman who dealt in iron pipe. A quiet mousy little man who boasted of gypsy ancestry, he could be generally found among the half-bohemian set of Berlin. At the third or fourth meeting he told me he was also an inventor of sorts, with several well-paying mechanical gadgets to his credit.

I asked how he found time from selling pipe to invent things.

He looked at me intensely, then said quietly:

"I get the ideas for inventions from my friends the *Heinzelmännchen.*"

"The what?"

"The *Heinzelmännchen*—what you call in English dwarfs—or, more accurately, gnomes."

I stared at him, but he was deadly serious.

"Where do you meet these, ugh, gnomes—here in Berlin?"

"Oh, no. They hate cities—can't stand the noise, the bustle, and the coal smoke. I get out into the Brandenburg woods about thirty miles and meet them there."

Some time later, at his house, he produced a series of photographs. "It's hard to see the *Heinzelmännchen,*" he explained, "but they are dense enough to impress a photographic plate."

Skeptically I looked at the photos. At first I saw nothing but trees. But then, as sure as anything, I thought I could make out the faint trace of faces and figures—little old men. How they got there I still have no idea.

"Daya, can you *see* these—creatures?"

"Yes. Sometimes more clearly than others. But I see them."

"Could I see them too? If so, I'd like to go along to the next meeting—if your friends wouldn't mind."

"They wouldn't mind. But it would be quite a time before you saw them—if you ever saw them. Some people whom they don't like never see them. They refuse to manifest themselves plainly enough."

"They refuse to what?"

"To *manifest themselves*—take on enough matter to become visible to untrained eyes."

"I see; that is, I see why I wouldn't see. Seriously, just what are these gnomes?"

He looked at me with astonishment that anyone could be so ignorant. "Nature spirits. Or, more precisely, the spirits of rocks and minerals."

"Obviously," I muttered, unable to think quickly enough. Then—

"Daya, do these *Heinzelmännchen* tell you how to make inventions—audibly?"

"No, they give me the ideas and if I can't find the right thing at first they correct me."

"Why do they give you ideas? Do they like you?"

"Oh yes, they like me well enough. I never disturb them. But I do more than that—I feed them chocolate. They like that a lot."

MOMOLU MASSAQUOI was a heavy-set, dark-skinned fellow from Liberia. Though a backwoodsman, he had had the temerity to run for the presidency against the coast-dwelling Mr. King. Having lost he prudently skipped the country. Whereupon the President relented and made Momolu Consul General of Liberia in Hamburg, Germany.

Since he often came to Berlin we became firm friends. One day, after years' acquaintance, he said to me:

"You understand us. You must visit

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Liberia. If you do I shall arrange to have you see things there no other white man has ever seen."

I perked up. "What, for instance?" I asked.

"I shall get you taken into my clan."

"What is the ceremony?"

"Quite simple. Look—" and he stripped off his shirt. His muscular back was divided by what looked like knife lines into tiny squares, each second square scarred like an old-fashioned vaccination.

"How many squares?" I gasped.

"Almost four thousand. Each alternate one is skilfully marked by special craftsmen. It can be done in a day or two—the sign of the Vai."

I had a vision of myself undergoing 2,000 successive vaccinations—me who flinches at a hypodermic needle! "A friendly offer indeed," I stammered.

"And you can go out with the Leopard Men," he added encouragingly.

"I've heard about them. Why are they Leopard Men?"

"It's what you call totemism. You believe men are descended from monkeys. We think different groups descend from different animals—tiger, elephant, lion, deer, wolf, etc."

"It may be bad biology but judged by human conduct it is not incredible. What do Leopard Men do particularly?"

"Nothing generally," Momolu answered. "But once a year, to celebrate their ancestry, Leopard Men attach iron claws to their hands, and in the dark, creep into the houses of non-Leopards, claw their throats and drink a little of the blood. I could persuade them to take you along. I am sure no white man has ever had that experience."

"I suppose not," I gasped again. "Unhappily, I doubt if I could get to Liberia this year—even for a night out with the Leopard Men."

Then, recovering, I put a straight question:

"Momolu, why do grown men pretend to be leopards?"

He stared at me. "But Edgar, they don't pretend—they ARE leopards."

And suddenly I felt between my friend and me the space of 4,000 years.

SHORTLY after Hitler's seizure of power, the late Dr. Walther Darré, Nazi minister of agriculture, invited the foreign press to a news conference. He began by informing us that he, Darré, was not so stupid as he had been pictured. He knew that the German people were not as purely Nordic as German propaganda affirmed. They could, however, be "nordicized" (German: *aufgenordet*). To accomplish this purpose, Minister Darré had just submitted a eugenical plan to the Fuehrer, which he would explain.

He would divide German women into four classes for breeding purposes.

Class One women: tall, blonde, high-breasted, and long-legged (so he described them) to be set aside as the mothers of future Nazi rulers;

Class Two women: of passable physique, but nothing to brag about to continue to provide the rank and file of future Germans;

Class Three women: marked with un-Nordic traits, to be sterilized, but otherwise might marry if they desired;

Class Four women: consisting of "Jews, Slavs, and other sub-humans" (according to Dr. Darré), neither to marry nor breed. Thus, in the course of a few years, the German people would acquire a more "nordic" cast as befitted a super people.

We foreign correspondents took this program in silence. Finally the late H. R. Knickerbocker spoke up in his best Texas German:

"Herr Minister," he said solemnly, "I just do not understand why you wish to give all the advantages to Class Four women."

The newsmen roared, the Minister glowered, and the press conference broke up without further proceedings. Nothing more was ever heard of Dr. Darré's scheme for "nordicizing" the Germans.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

LOVE

Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, submits clues to ten plays which have "Love" in their titles (or, in one instance, "Amour"). She asks you to identify plays and authors. Answers on page 48.

1. A lyrical commentary on neo-Platonic (Renaissance) love, with sugared sonnets and pretty speeches, this play (1595?) centers around a "little Academe" and Cupid's revenge on young men who renounce love for studies.
2. Author of "Secret Love," "An Evening's Love," "Tyrannick Love," and "Love Triumphant," this critic and poet laureate under Charles II "improved" one of Shakespeare's masterpieces (1677) by casting it in neo-classical mold and emphasizing the moral element: "For the chief persons represented were famous patterns of unlawful love; and their end accordingly was unfortunate."
3. The most popular play of this gouty gallant (devotee of a wealthy duchess and special friend of Mrs. Bracegirdle's) is notable for a resourceful servant educated at Cambridge and for a masked marriage at the end (1695).
4. The first play of a prolific Restoration dramatist (whose father, the "Danish statuary, carved the maniacs over the gates of Bedlam") was translated into French as "La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour" (1696).
5. The title of the first comedy of this young Irish actor lately come to London mentioned the two things he knew most about (1699); and the play was dedicated to the bear-leader of Peter the Great on that monarch's then recent visit to England.
6. Sir Archy MacSarcasm is unforgettable in this drama (about rival suitors for the hand of a heroine who pretends to have lost her fortune) by an actor who made his reputation playing Shylock (1759).
7. Fruit of a tempestuous love affair with George Sand was a drama of maxims ("proverbes dramatiques") by a French romanticist and member of the Academy (1834).
8. The first major stage success (1862) of the Director of Theatre in Christiana, Norway, this satire, treating sex unconventionally, shows the failure of marriage in conventional society.
9. Shortly after a visit to Iceland, this Christian socialist, poet and painter, who once lived with Edward Burne-Jones in a "Palace of Art," produced a morality play (1872) in which Love is the Expositor and foretells that he will be the leader at the Battle of Armageddon.
10. Rex Harrison played the part of the Wicked Fairy in this play (1952) spoofing the habits of Americans, Englishmen, Russians, and Frenchmen—one of whom boasts that his father was Minister of Agriculture in France for ten minutes in 1912.

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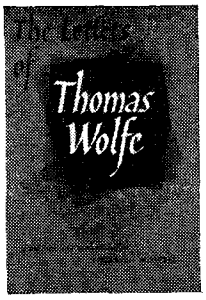

SR's *Book of the Week:*

"THE LETTERS OF THOMAS WOLFE"

Editor: Elizabeth Nowell

By OSCAR CARGILL, *author of "Intellectual America."*

"THE LETTERS of Thomas Wolfe," now brought together by his former literary agent, Elizabeth Nowell (Scribner, $10), will never be prized for their wit as are those of Henry Adams, for their form as are those of Chesterfield, for their sensibility as are those of Keats and Henry James, for their gossip as are those of Lady Montagu, or for their passion as are the letters of Byron and George Sand. Yet to a degree they possess all these traits. They display them, however, only incidentally as they force the enormous ego of their author upon his rash correspondents. No other collection of 700 letters sticks with such singular pertinacity to that dearest of subjects, oneself—one's feelings, one's thoughts, one's plans, one's aspirations. It is the most unified collection of letters in the world.

In its devotion to its subject, in its mass and inertia, the collection strangely suggests the supposititious fictions of Wolfe, that long narrative of Eugene Gant, who, in mid-career, changed his name, but not his essential history, to that of George Webber. Behind his new narrative there is also a devoted editor whose labors surely were as great as those of Maxwell Perkins and Edward C. Aswell. Like theirs, Miss Nowell's task has been to institute chronology, to put together separately composed pieces, to find the closest affinities where affinities crowd, but with one enormous difference—in their case the material fell upon them in a deluge, whereas she has had to solicit, importune, beg, and wheedle letters from all that miscellany of persons who come into the possession of the cadaver of a writer's incidental creation after his death and who have a whole calendar of emotions for concealing or destroying what they possess. One who painfully knows or who can shrewdly surmise all the problems which beset Wolfe's latest editor—problems legal and personal—one who can see what faint clues and indirections she has taken up and followed triumphantly, can have only admiration for Miss Nowell's accomplishment. It is a superlatively good job.

The letters have been collected from a myriad of sources—from Wolfe's own family, from his friend Aline Bernstein, from his publishers, from his fellow writers of the time (or their widows), from New York University, from the University of North Carolina, and, apparently most of all, from Harvard University's Houghton Library, which now houses the largest Wolfe collection. From some of these sources came also letters which had been written by Wolfe but never mailed because, as Miss Nowell explains in her introduction, Wolfe was, for one thing, "too absorbed in his own creative world to perform the routine acts of life, such as buying envelopes or stamps or pen and ink, let alone remembering to take a letter to the mailbox."

There were also other reasons that he did not mail these letters. "His utter trustfulness and lack of caution," writes Miss Nowell, "were sometimes superseded by fits of caution, or even of suspicion: he might suddenly get a hunch that what he'd written was too indiscreet, and break off in the middle of a sentence. Then he would stride up and down his room in indecision, meditatively suck his upper lip inside his upthrust lower one, rub the nape of his neck or the back of his head, or thrust his hand inside his shirt and rub his chest, and say: 'Well, I don't know . . . ,' and turn to other things. Sometimes, if repeatedly goaded to anger or perturbation by the matter dealt with in his letter, he finally would grab it up and finish it and mail it and be done with it. Or sometimes he would rewrite it, over and over, until the version which he mailed was only a brief and noncommittal note. . . . Also, many of his letters were not written for his correspondents as much as for himself. He maintained that 'a writer writes a book in order to forget it,' and he might have said the same about a letter. From his youth, he had the habit of pouring out on paper all his thoughts, emotions and experiences, either in rough-draft notes for possible creative work, or in diaries or letters—and the dividing line between these different forms of writing was often very thin."

Thomas Wolfe—"many of his letters were not written for his correspondents as much as for himself."

Of course there are gaps in the Wolvian narrative, but the gaps are richly compensated. For example, Aline Bernstein, that highly talented stage designer and novelist whose friendship long had a lodestar steadyingness, elected to withhold the bulk of Wolfe's letters to her, intending before her death to edit them herself. But an unmailed postcard, written in Europe after that friendship was broken off, reveals more of the depth of Wolfe's feeling towards his friend than would possibly a score of letters. And then for one who already had private knowledge of his sequestration in lovely Alpbach, Austria, with that *Mädchen* for whom he professed the profoundest devotion (on that famous occasion when, lightly clad for summer, he climbed the Galtenberg before breakfast), there are the cold letters with which he cooled her ardor, letters which start reflections on the novelist's emotional constitution. The girl, Miss Nowell notes, "is rumored

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to have committed suicide some years later, after another tragic love affair."

Nearly 200 pages are given mostly to documenting Wolfe's break with the house of Scribner and with Maxwell Perkins, a subject already of much acrimonious comment. Wolfe comes out, as a result of the letters here published, from this famous severance far better than he has hitherto, and he is in a degree vindicated. One cause of the separation here revealed is Wolfe's desire to write as he chose. Perkins plainly did try to divert him from social criticism (whatever has been said to the contrary) and this at a time when Wolfe had been made especially sensitive by the charge of servile dependence on his editor. The break has its justification in this restraint, no matter how urged, for Wolfe had become deeply affected by the ills he saw around him in this country and in the world.

"The Letters of Thomas Wolfe" are a passionate record of a passionate man who involved a great many people in a web of moral and esthetic complexities and who, apparently will long continue to do so.

The Lonely Giant Self-Revealed

THE life and untimely death of Thomas Wolfe long ago gave rise to a legend of that writer's mammoth egotism—and his black despair and loneliness. But now, in "The Letters of Thomas Wolfe," all these qualities of the man are movingly apparent in his own words. Here are excerpts:

As a college student to his brother, Fred W. Wolfe:

"Have met and made many friends. I have enrolled a week ago with a frat whose membership is 137. It's the custom of older members of this society to put the freshmen through a mock initiation in which they try to get their 'goats.' . . . After the poor freshman is frightened half out of his wits some 'soph' calls on him for a speech. I was the first called on. The society hall is lined with pictures of the distinguished men once belonging to this society. The portrait of Zeb Vance hangs right over the rostrum. In my little talk I told 'em I was both happy and proud to be in such distinguished company. I ended by telling 'em I hoped they would have the pleasure some day of seeing my picture hang beside Zeb Vance's."

As a student in playwrighting, to Prof. George P. Baker:

"If the audience is depressed over my play, I am depressed over my audience. Good God! What do they want? What would they have me do? Are these people so wrapped in cotton-wool that they are unwilling to face the inevitable fact of defeat in a struggle like this? Let me write a contemptible little epic to small-town mean-ness (a favorite theme nowadays) in which the principal goes down to defeat from the parlor-and-gate slander of spinsters, and they will applaud me to the echo: 'This is life! This is reality! This is a play of great and vital forces!' But let a man go down in a monster struggle with such epic things as mountains, and it is merely depressing and sordidly realistic. They can see no poetry to such a fight."

On applying for a job, to Prof. Homer A. Watt:

". . . I am twenty-three years old and a native of Asheville, North Carolina. I do not know what impression of maturity my appearance may convey but it is hardly in excess of my age. In addition, my height is four or five inches over six feet, producing an effect that is sometimes startling. I think you should know so much in advance, as the consideration may justly enter into any estimate of my qualifications. . . ."

As an unpublished writer, to Margaret Roberts:

"The other day word reached me that a rich woman who has supported a famous little theatre [Miss Alice Lewisohn of the Neighborhood Playhouse] had told one of the directors last year that she would have done my play but that I was the most arrogant young man she had ever known."

On submitting his first novel to a publisher:

"Note for the Publisher's Reader: This book, by my estimate, is from 250,000 to 280,000 words long. A book of this length from an unknown writer no doubt is rashly experimental, and shows his ignorance of the mechanics of publishing. This is true. . . ."

To Aline Bernstein:

"About the only thing I want to write during these days is a letter to you—and I want to write that all the time now. It is my only way at the moment of talking to the only person I care about talking to—my being-alone-ness has become a kind of terrible joke—I have somehow lost all power of breaking my own silence. . . . I live in a strange world. . . ."

As a published novelist, to George W. McCoy:

"I live alone a great deal of the time; I make friends slowly. . . . It seems to me now that the only sensible and decent life for the artist is an obscure, modest and fairly solitary one. I assure you I value fame as highly as any young man and hope with all my heart that I can some day do work that will justify it, but if it comes, I want it for my work and not for myself. . . . When I was a child, of course, and I thought that some day I might write something that would be published, I had the most glittering dreams and visions of a romantic literary life in which I not only was able to do magnificent work but also to be surrounded by adoring throngs of brilliant people. This dream has long since vanished and I am really not sorry to lose it."

On his deathbed, to his editor, Maxwell E. Perkins:

"Whatever happens—I . . . wanted to write you and tell you, no matter what happens or has happened, I shall always think of you and feel about you the way it was that Fourth of July day three years ago when you met me at the boat, and we went out on the cafe on the river and had a drink and later went on top of the tall building, and all the strangeness and the glory and the power of life and of the city was below."

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FICTION

Love and Precision

"Homecoming," by C. P. Snow *(Scribner. 400 pp. $3.95), is another portrait by one of Britain's leading novelists of the type of man working overtime today to revitalize England.*

By Harrison Smith

MANY of England's critics of contemporary literature may agree with this reviewer that Joyce Cary and Charles Percy Snow are at the present moment the most significant and enduring of the older novelists in Great Britain. Both of them have created characters and situations which cannot be confined to a single volume. Mr. Cary, whose tragic illness is now known to the literary world, has produced memorable trilogies and is attempting to complete a novel while he still has the ability to write or to use a dictaphone; Mr. Snow's just-published "Homecoming" is the sixth of a cycle of ten or more novels in which he has been concerned with a scientist, Cambridge dons, government ministers and bureaucrats, leaders and industrialist tycoons, all of them men who are necessary to the progress of their diminished country. Mr. Cary writes with unflagging exuberance of the lives of an astonishing variety of vital and often sinful men and women. His attitudes toward them was expressed in two sentences which have now a tragic significance. "What an extraordinary thing life is!" "What a piece of work is man!"

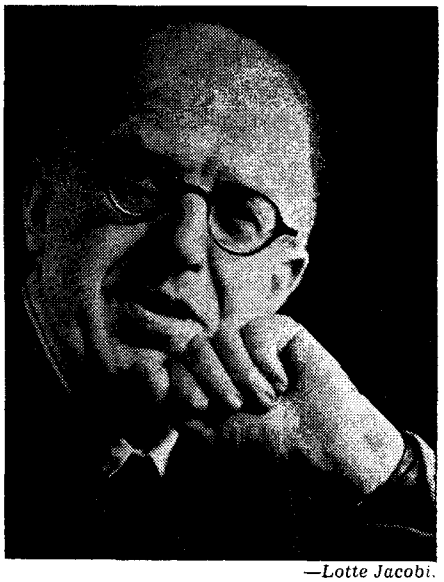
But however absorbing and vital, C. P. Snow's novels have been confined to the broad horizons and dilemmas of the masculine and intellectual world. His women have played a minor part, and the crises and conflicts which inevitably afflict their husbands and lovers are suppressed and suffered in silence, with what is presumed to be characteristic British stolidity. "Homecoming" is by far the most dramatic and absorbing of his novels because his major character, Lewis Eliot, a highly intelligent government servant and an adviser to a great industrialist, is an emotional man whose capacity for affection is a vital part of this book.

The novel begins when he has left Cambridge and is beginning his dramatic, two-sided career in London. His wife Sheila is beautiful and childless, with an income of her own and a craving for love; she is totally incapable of giving. She had married him when all else had failed, and Lewis had for years hired doctors and psychiatrists to tell her why. Every evening when he walked along the Thames to his home he was filled with dread.

Desperately Sheila tried to find something which would engage her interest, including financing a rogue publisher without any authors. One night when he returned to her Lewis found her lying dead on a couch, beside her an empty bottle of sleeping pills. Suddenly, and for the first time, he was angry with her. He had loved her all his adult life and spent years of his manhood upon her. He was seared because she had not left him a farewell note.

This tragic man could not forget her, but he was capable of seizing the political and economic opportunities that the years of the war opened to him. A rising industrialist discovered his talent for analyzing the men he had gathered around him and added him to his staff. Rose, a government minister, made use of him in the same way. They recognized his talent, accepted his advice, but instinctively knew that he would never climb to the top. The men he sat with in their offices, with their moral certainties, their comfortable, calm certainties, which never made them put a foot out of step—he knew they were the men who managed the world. They were not quite human, and Lewis was again in love. He married the warm-hearted and charming daughter of an ailing professor, with whom he had enjoyed an affair. Lewis took her and her small son to his heart and they had a child of their own, who nearly died of a sudden illness. Their distress is one of the most moving chapters.

Mr. Snow deals with the emotions as well as the intellects of his people. His Lewis Eliot is his most brilliant achievement, a man with two natures, coldly precise when he was presented with financial and political situations, an analyst of the minds of his associates, and a man with a capacity for affection and love. "Homecoming" is an engaging book for anyone who can be stimulated by intelligence, accurate prose, and entertaining characters.



—Lotte Jacobi.

C. P. Snow—"dramatic, absorbing."

Full-Fleshed Athens

"The Last of the Wine," by Mary Renault *(Pantheon. 389 pp. $4.50), is a novel of Athens in the last days of the Peloponnesian War when Socrates walked and talked in its streets and an intellectual democracy fell before militaristic Sparta.*

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

IN HER new and appropriately named novel "The Last of the Wine" Mary Renault attempts the almost impossible and achieves substantial if not complete success. For the English author, now resident in South Africa, undertakes to write a historical novel about Athens in the glowing sunset days of the Third Peloponnesian War, when Socrates walked the streets, shooting the sharp arrows of his questions at the target of truth; when proud Athenian fleets were destroyed before Syracuse and at Aegospotami; and when the world's most brilliantly intellectual democracy fell before the unenlightened militarist Spartans and into the brutal hands of its own quisling Thirty Tyrants.

Furthermore, although her hero, Alexias, is wholly invented, and his friend Lysis, despite the fact that he is called "an excellent person" by Diogenes Laertius, is largely so, she daringly peoples her pages with such actual and well-known persons as Alcibiades—who, according to Plutarch, "bloomed in all ages of his life," and whom, according to Nepos, "no one surpassed either in his faults or in his virtues"; Xenophon; Thrasybulus; Euripides; Phaedo; Critias; Aris-

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tophanes; and perhaps most of all that wrestler turned philosopher, the "lad who talks like a prince," Ariston's son Aristocles, who because of his broad, strong shoulders was nicknamed Plato.

It is not contended (at least by this reviewer) that by so doing she has achieved in her writing the gravely beautiful archaic quality like that of a red-and-black Greek vase that Robert Graves did in his unforgettable "Homer's Daughter." She is writing of another and more complex age.

But after a stirring beginning has been followed by some dull and overtalky pages she very rarely falters. With an amazing, almost journalistic gift she conveys to the reader the clash and drama of history and the flesh and blood of those who made it.

After almost 2,400 years it is of course almost impossible to say whether or not her Socrates is the real Socrates; her handsome and untamable Alcibiades the real Alcibiades; and her bitterly and realistically drawn Phaedo the real Phaedo. But they convince us as being real—as, too, do her invented Alexias and her half-invented Lysis even when we are bored by their over-involvement and her over-preoccupation with what the publishers describe "as the erotic morality peculiar to those times."

It is, however, Miss Renault's dealing with the age itself that permits the book to make its most importunate demands on us. Athens was a democracy, perhaps the first democracy, but it too exceeded all others of its kind both in its faults and in its virtues. Unhappily, these faults were the greatest just when it came to as fine a fruition as any civilization ever has; and, therefore, at its very apogee it was hurled into the abyss by the forces of reaction implemented by armed force. In a sense it hurled itself.

We have seen all this happen in our own time, although not in our own land. But somehow a lesson from the past is more compelling, and as, therefore, this talented novelist vividly reconstructs the public and private agony of a state drinking its cup of hemlock —reconstructs it as brilliantly as archeologists have reconstructed the Stoa—she may even show us how to keep it from happening here.

—*From the jacket.*

Four at the Vortex

"The Side of the Angels," by Jean-Louis Curtis *(translated by Humphrey Hare. Putnam. 416 pp. $4.50), is a sprawling social history of life among Parisian intellectuals since the war.*

By Otis Fellows

JEAN-LOUIS CURTIS, a French intellectual and member of the teaching profession—the two categories are not forcibly synonymous—is also at the age of thirty-nine a novelist of genuine talent and increasing consequence. He writes with ease and versatility, flees the fashionable cliché whether ideological or esthetic, and what he has to say is almost always relevant to the age in which we live. All this was clearly acknowledged when in 1947 with his third novel, later translated as "The Forests of the Night," he won France's most coveted literary award, the *Prix Goncourt.*

In "The Side of the Angels" a minor personage, obviously the author in disguise, declares: "A man who really has a novelist's instinct is never short of subjects, either because he's always writing about the same one, or because everything he sees is assimilated, digested, and transmuted according to his own peculiar chemistry."

This definition, general though it is, fits M. Curtis very well. To date all six of his works have been concerned with essentially the same subject—the forces at play in the twentieth century and their impact on certain individual destinies as depicted by a writer of lucidity and impartiality tempered with indulgence.

The present book with its vast sprawling plot opens on the eve of the liberation of Paris, a moment when love and hate, hope and despair, arrogance and fear, pity and vindictiveness have approached new heights —or depths. Four main characters and a host of marginal personalities are shown in turn transfigured by triumph, cunning, anger, despondency, or fierce gaiety. Through what complexities of character and circumstance those involved had reached their particular condition is then suggested as the author examines in retrospect the youth of each. Finally one and all, in quest of happiness, elusive truth, and human dignity are all brought down through the crosscurrents of life to the middle of the century. For this is the drama of a generation and specifically applicable to contemporary France; but it offers a broader perspective as well—that of mankind at large.

As pure narrative the story of conscientious Donadieu and his stage-struck wife, of Bernard with his political ideals and seraglio of mistresses, of Oyarzun the pathological anti-Semite, of Fontanes the brilliant dilettante, perhaps even of Nathalie the aging nymphomaniac, is more than enough to hold the reader's attention. Then, too, those who as tourists have sat on the terrace of the "Flore," the "Deux Magots," or the "Dome" wondering what the Parisians at adjoining tables were saying so gaily, so earnestly, so amorously, may here have their curiosity satisfied. This is how the French talk among themselves. To my mind, however, the

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utstanding merit of "The Side of the ngels" is its authenticity as a chron-le of France in our times. In this ght André Maurois is wholly justi-ed in calling Jean-Louis Curtis "a ocial historian of the first rank."

AUGHTER AT THE SUMMIT: Geoffrey lunden's **"The Looking Glass Confer-nce"** (Vanguard, $3.75) is a brilliant istillation of the fearful chaos of orld politics, mirrored in the devas-ting glass of satire. Nominally a ork of fiction, Mr. Blunden's book nderlines the bitter realities with uch clarity as to make the reader ince in spite of his laughter. Gath-ed in the Geneva-like precincts of Colmo" are the participants in a con-lave seeking to end the hostilities in bisected oriental country known as haos. (Mr. Blunden's proper names ay be obvious, but they are magnifi-ently descriptive.) In the hotels and ateaux of this cosmopolitan city are me of the principal actors on the orld's stage along with their sup-orting players: spies, pundits, secret olice, junketing politicians, and even vo fugitive Russian painters (one is cused of "Bohemianism") who ar-ve by mistake.

In the words of the author of the iginal Looking Glass episode, these overs and shakers are made to ap-ear "as large as life and twice as atural." Here is Mr. Yogi Menase, neutralist who knows which side e's neutral on. Here is Joseph Fogg-ottom, an American diplomatist hose wooly prose is embalmed in its iceless redundancy. Here is the col-quy of a Washington press confer-nce, as mystifying as vaudeville dou-e talk. But let it not be said that is generally comic novel lacks its oments of pathos. Consider the case Ivan Ilyitch Borein, a Russian se-et agent whose job it is to analyze J. S. Foreign Policy." Poor Ivan's ealth finally breaks down completely. Where does it pain you?" he is asked. n the head," he answers.

Toward the machinations of the olmo conference Mr. Blunden pre-rves an attitude of impartial cyn-ism. There are no heroes at Colmo, ly two kinds of villains: witting d unwitting. But even though the thor offers nothing to the reader ve raucous laughter, the positive plications of "The Looking Glass nference" are as apparent as the ternative to "A Modest Proposal."

—Martin Levin.

OADWAY JUNGLE: Why anyone should ant to work on the Broadway stage any capacity (save that of a stage-nd) is a riddle that confounds even e most casual student of the thea-tre. **"Diamond in the Sky"** (Crown, $3.95) a novel by the actress-writer Mary Orr, should make answering the question even more difficult. Miss Orr's book is the diary of a flop, documenting the anguish, connivery, venality, and all-around heartache that go into the making of "Nell Gwyn," a promising star vehicle that closes after a brisk two-day run. When "Nell Gwyn" stumbles over some well-deserved notices much more is dissipated than the hundred grand raised to put it on. Miss Orr has assembled a Grand Hotel of theatrical people to show exactly what goes down the drain; for the fading star, the novice playwright, the desperate producer, and all the others of the company—the debacle means something hellish in a different degree. Miss Orr's familiarity with the Broadway jungle and her deftness at storytelling make for a fascinating handbook that should (but probably won't) deter anyone from a theatrical career. —M. L.

SYNTHETIC SHOCKER: One of our local lending libraries has a shelf under the "Whodunits" and "Mysteries" marked "Snappies." **"My Lovely Mamá!"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.75), by a writer who signs herself simply "Mathilde," is definitely a Snappy. It is what used to be called a shilling shocker, or even a penny dreadful. Certainly it is made to be deliberately sensational or, to pick up the old phrase Mathilde quotes here, it is designed to *"épater le bourgeois,* as my lovely Mamá would say." She does say so, not once but twice. Mamá and daughter are both given to repetition. Don't forget that accent on Mamá, by the way. Mamá eats *arroz* with her venison—*arroz à la Valencia;* sometimes dresses *à la Paysanne,* sits on a *causeuse,* sends daughter to a school that is *ersatz Ouchy,* and along with a title they have a family tree tangled by what is referred to as "the unfortunate business of Louis XIV." As you see, we are off in exotic, titled circles, "full of *savoir faire*"—in a sexy and sensational flurry, with foreign phrases and italics, accents and exclamation points strewing the way.

This unlikely story is supposed to be told in the first person by a sixteen-year-old Austrian countess. Her opening remark is typical and indicative of what is to follow: "That was the day I decided to become a prostitute." The idea back of all this is the reversal of a usual formula—parent saving child from seduction. It is Mamá here who needs to be saved, her daughter thinks—"my poor Mamá must be *saved from herself."* Again those italics. The dénouement is both complicated and rather unsavory and would certainly interest Mr. Freud. The carefully artless-artful style is sly, the material aimed at sensation, but sometimes it is not so much shocking as silly. Mamá, with or without the accent and the exclamation point of the title, is neither lovely nor credible, and Mathilde, whoever she is, should learn to be less repetitious.

—Rosemary C. Benét.

ALSO NOTED: "Bride of the River," by Laura Harris (Crowell, $3.95), sees the elegant Mary Marie Rutland transplanted from native New Orleans and married to a boatman of Rivertown, Indiana. The loss of the silks and civilization of her hometown plunges Mary into brooding moments, but gradually she grows up, accepts her responsibilities, and learns to admire her husband's ability to roll with life's punches. Though this character transition is not too clearly developed, there is enough vitality and color in Laura Harris' narrative of the 1830s to make it enjoyable reading.

"Born in Wedlock," by Margaret Echard (Doubleday, $3.50), is an imaginary memoir by little Katie about her mischievously honest sister Jean and her mother, Sylvia, the prettiest show girl at the Gayety during the early part of the century. The owner of the theatre, Ned Darcy, and a mysterious gentleman in the box seats, Mr. Walker, are in neck-to-neck pursuit of widowed Sylvia. Into the picture steps Sylvia's sister-in-law, Matilda the ogre, who wants guardianship of the children as well as marital custody of Mr. Walker; but Katie and Jean in their hilarious ways bring mama and Mr. Walker together. Katie is an even match for the male youngster in Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye" and deserves the same popular reception. "Born in Wedlock" is one of the best light-comedy novels of the year.

"The Red Sands of Santa Maria," by Bill Murphy (Dodd, Mead, $3.75), contrasts the dedicated artistry of the Spanish matador Pedro Garcia and the raw bravado of Juanillo, who are billed together at a Mexican fiesta. Before the day of the great kill the matadors tune up their sporting skill on some women caught up by the excitement of the fiesta and the glamor of the masculine matinee idols. Once Bill Murphy gets his story into the ring, there are rousing moments punctured by an absurd scene in which a spectator jumps from the stand to kick the bull's hindquarters and save the fallen Garcia. This first novel is full of lifelike dialogue and frank probings into the psychology of both the bullfighter and aficionado.

—S. P. Mansten.

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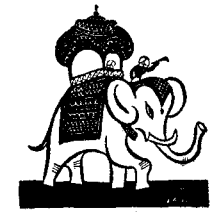
Bridge Between East and West



"Jawaharlal Nehru," by Frank Moraes *(Macmillan. 492 pp. $6.75), is a biography of the Indian Prime Minister by the editor of* The Times of India. *Our reviewer, Marguerite Brown, spent two years as a press officer with the U.S. Embassy in New Delhi.*

By Marguerite Brown

FRANK MORAES'S biography of Jawaharlal Nehru, it is to be hoped, will help dispel some of the shortsighted and chauvinistic misconceptions prevailing in this country about India's controversial Prime Minister. Through the eyes of this Indian observer, who edits the influential *Times of India,* Nehru emerges as a dynamic and magnetic figure, a democrat and a socialist, a Caesar who has too great a love for his people to abuse his power, and an ardent nationalist who yet above all is a dedicated internationalist.

Mr. Moraes is a frank partisan of the Indian leader but not a blind one. He sees his hero's conceits, his susceptibility to flattery, his fits of petulance; but these are superficialities which make him only more human and lovable and do not pierce his inner core of integrity.

More than any other living statesman Nehru is equipped to serve as a bridge between the East and the West, in Mr. Moraes's view. The Prime Minister was educated in England and is steeped in Western traditions of liberal humanitarianism. Both fellow Asians and Westerners accuse him of being out of step, Mr. Moraes contends, because his thinking is ahead of his time. Mr. Moraes believes with Mahatma Gandhi, who designated Nehru as his political heir, that Nehru is "pure as crystal," "truthful beyond suspicion," and that "the nation is safe in his hands." And Mr. Moraes is very convincing.

Lest critics of Mr. Nehru dismiss Mr. Moraes's glowing evaluation as an excess of patriotism, let them be reminded that the Oxford-educated author, who also happens to be a Catholic, has shown himself to be a fair-minded observer and an unquestioned friend of democracy in his capacity as newspaper editor. He was one of the few members of the Indian cultural delegation that toured Communist China in 1952 who spoke out candidly on the weaknesses as well as strengths of the regime, at a time when indiscriminate enthusiasm for all things Chinese was the vogue in many Indian quarters as a reaction against years of colonialism and color discrimination associated in Indian minds with Western capitalism.

Actually this book is less a biography than a political history of India's nationalist struggle and its progress since independence. There have been many accounts of these events and policies, including the autobiographies of Gandhi and Nehru upon which Mr. Moraes draws extensively. But Mr. Moraes retells this moving story, focusing upon Nehru's role with feeling, lucidity, and felicity of language.

Although Nehru has been accused of vacillation the writer emphasizes that his belief in a socialistic pattern for India has been consistent since 1927. His goal is a welfare state achieved by democratic persuasion, providing for individual liberty and eschewing totalitarian dogma and violence. It is not lust for power but a sense of urgency which has led Nehru to concentrate the reins of government in his own hands, according to Mr. Moraes, who believes that the resultant acceleration in India's development may well have saved the country from Communism. In his opinion it is vital to India's stability that Nehru remain at the helm at least another seven years.

Emphasizing that India's foreign policy is positive and independent, not neutral, Mr. Moraes sees it as strikingly similar to that followed by the United States from its independence through World War II, when it reluctantly assumed global responsibilities. He stresses that India's main concern is for peace, essential to its economic and social progress and survival as a free nation.

The author cites the American decision in 1954 to supply arms to Pakistan as a major factor in India's entering upon "a new phase of courtship with China and Russia." The joint Dulles-Cunha reference to Goa as "a province of Portugal" also shocked India. Earlier, Mr. Moraes reports, the U. N. Security Council's failure to brand Pakistan an aggressor in Kashmir had given Mr. Nehru his first doubts regarding Western motivation. Nehru, he explains, views Kashmir realistically in terms of India's security and of his secular ideal. Mr. Moraes finds that Nehru's attitude "has hardened until it now seems almost ossified into a wilful determination to congeal the position on the cease-fire line allowing only for some minor local adjustments." More objective on the subject of Kashmir than most of his countrymen, Mr. Moraes admits that "neither India nor Pakistan emerges creditably from this story."

This book is of formidable length. It might have found a wider American audience if it had been tightened and some of the detail culled. Nonetheless, it is interesting reading throughout and makes a worthwhile contribution to American understanding of India. We may hope at a later date for a more intimate biography of Nehru the man.

* * *

A valuable complement to Mr. Moraes's assessment is Tibor Mende's slender volume **"Nehru: Conversations on India and World Affairs"** (Braziller, $3), which presents in book form four tape-recorded interviews which the French writer had with the Indian leader in New Delhi in December 1955 and January 1956. The chief fascination of this book lies in Mr. Nehru's spontaneous and forthright replies to questions posed by the knowledgeable Mr. Mende, whose previous books include "India Before the Storm" and "The Revolt of Asia." These unrehearsed and verbatim conversations cover a wide range of topics, such as Gandhi's impact; means and ends; the direction and pace of India's development; Communist ideology versus Communist Party tactics; India's non-alignment in the Cold War; means of curbing the greed for power for power's sake; the pros and cons of foreign aid; the difference between appeasement and weakness, and an answer by Mr. Nehru himself to the question, "After Nehru, what?"

Although discursive, the talks add up to a clear and capsule exposition of the Prime Minister's social and economic philosophy at the vantage point of ten years of Indian independence.

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—S. Percy Dean.

Norman Graebner—"convincing account."

Diplomat's Dilemma

"The New Isolationism," by Norman A. Graebner *(Ronald. 289 pp. $4), is a study of American foreign policy and politics since 1950. Dorothy Fosdick, our reviewer, is the author of "Common Sense and World Affairs."*

By Dorothy Fosdick

"THE New Isolationism," Norman Graebner's useful book on the Eisenhower Administration's foreign policy, makes clear the basic trouble. The Administration has failed to respect the central principle of a rational foreign policy, namely, that a nation's commitments and a nation's power should be brought into balance, with a fairly adequate surplus of power in reserve.

The objectives of our foreign policy since 1952, Mr. Graebner shows, have far outrun our power. Bringing Red China to its knees, the liberation of the satellites, the frustration of the Soviet Union by the threat of massive retaliation—these objectives reflect an assumption of American omnipotence, a belief that America, whatever the balance of forces, could have a world of its own choosing.

Thus American people have been promised what cannot be achieved, our allies have been frightened by exorbitant demands and risks, and Peiping and Moscow have waxed stronger because the actual facts of power did not make them weaker. Moreover, because the real world of limited assets and liabilities was ignored the Administration's diplomacy has been stultified.

Mr. Graebner gives a convincing account of the influence of the neo-isolationists, men like General MacArthur, Robert Taft, Herbert Hoover, and Joseph McCarthy. The President and Mr. Dulles were faced with the political dilemma of winning the election of 1952 and unifying their party or of giving wise leadership to the free world. They chose to make peace with their party and let the free world wait. The author believes that a chance for sound leadership came with the advent of a Democratic Congress in 1954, which diminished right-wing Republican pressures on the President.

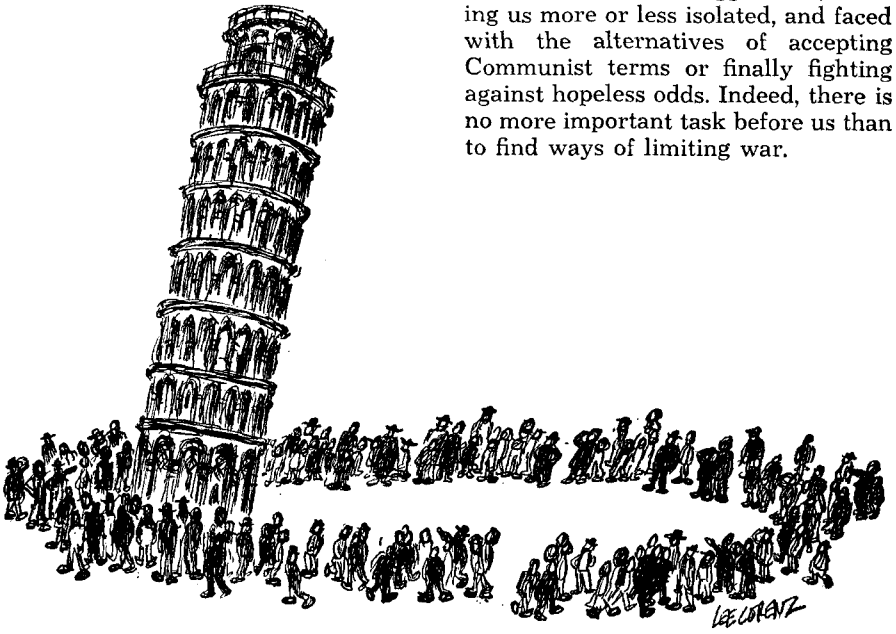
Insofar as constructive suggestions go Mr. Graebner emphasizes the need to balance our commitments and our power by limiting our commitments in the light of our actual power. He urges a greater reliance on diplomacy. It strikes me, however, that he does not give due place to the other side of the coin—the necessity of increasing our power to buttress vital commitments and to bolster our diplomatic hand.

Mr. Graebner may have been led astray by the framework of his study, which he took from his previous book on the Oregon question of 1844-1846. President James K. Polk, having accepted the utopian goal of 54° 40′ during the 1844 campaign, discovered that he was trapped between the immediate need of living at peace with his party and the ultimate necessity of finding diplomatic means of living peacefully with England. In the crisis his party commitments ruled out all diplomacy with Britain on the boundary question. Eventually in 1846, when the British took the diplomatic initiative, peace was achieved.

But the present Sino-Soviet bloc is a far cry from Britain of the 1840s. Our problem is not simply to live at peace with Russia or to negotiate with Peiping and Moscow—it is to outperform and outlast them. The towering fact of this mid-century is the expanding industrial power of the Soviet Union. This makes possible a great and diversified Soviet military machine, as well as mounting technical help to colonial peoples. Kaganovich, Soviet Deputy Premier, put the challenge this way: "The twentieth century is a century of the triumph of socialism and Communism . . . We have marched and we will march forward—and only forward—to the complete victory of Communism." With this sort of challenge the free world certainly needs to muster its power, as well as to reassess its vital commitments.

Mr. Graebner particularly deplores one bequest from the neo-isolationists—their misinterpretation of the significance of our resistance to aggression in Korea. As a result thousands of Americans take for granted that the Korean-type, limited conflict should play no further role in U.S. policy, and that this nation could really have its way with massive air and sea power alone.

THIS rejection of the small defensive war rises to haunt us. The full horror of two-way nuclear war has now been brought home to the American people. American leaders are likely to back down before Soviet-inspired probes unless this country is prepared to resist on a local and limited basis. Unless we are so prepared a large part of the free world may well fall before local infiltration and aggression, leaving us more or less isolated, and faced with the alternatives of accepting Communist terms or finally fighting against hopeless odds. Indeed, there is no more important task before us than to find ways of limiting war.



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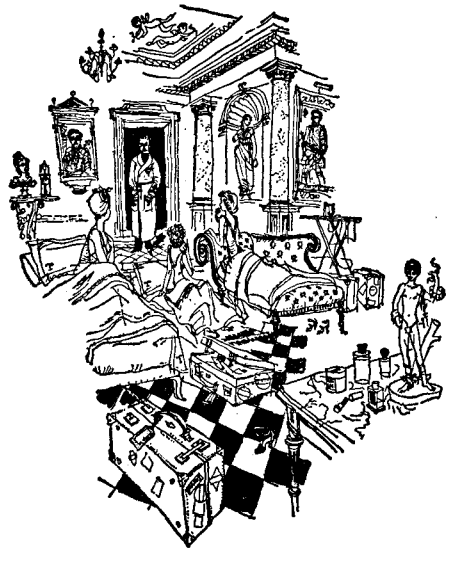
Good Girl in the Chorus

"Les Girls," by Constance Tomkinson *(Little, Brown. 274 pp. $3.95), is a Canadian young lady's report on her adventures as a chorus girl with the Folies Bergère, the Basil Beauties, and other European night-club troupes.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

FROM Samuel Richardson to Temple Bailey, authors have made hay with the fable of the beautiful, virtuous maiden beset by wealthy wolves. Constance Tomkinson's autobiographical "Les Girls" is a sophisticated modern entry in this grand old tradition. For two years in the 1930s Canadian-born Tommie toured Europe as a chorus girl. Starting in Scandinavia with a shoestring outfit known as the Millerettes, she advanced to a job as a dancer—not a nude, she makes it clear—with the Folies Bergère, and then to "the top rung of the chorus-girl ladder" as a member of the internationally famous Basil Beauties.

All along the way there were men, most of them with one idea. In Paris there was the Marquis de V——. He spoke no English, but the soulful gaze of his "large boudoir eyes" would have left "even a sweet girl graduate . . . under no misapprehension as to what was on his mind." In Gothenburg the gallants ran to middle-aged spread and an air of being "intoxicated with their own depravity—supping with real live chorus girls." In Munich, Tommie had to battle for her honor with a hard-faced man in a dingy bedroom. She came out of that encounter "breathless, my coat torn, and without my handbag" but with other assets intact.



And in Italy—ah, Italy! From the moment of their arrival in Rome, where their progress in two open carriages along the Via Tritone and the Corso Umberto was accompanied by mobs of males shouting *"Bella! Bella!"* the Basil Beauties were surfeited with escorts. Marios, Ferdinandos, Riccardos, Renatos, Vittorios, and Giorgios, all "constantly on the simmer" and ready at any moment to come to the boil, fixed the girls with melting brown eyes and purred solicitations into their ears. In Italy offers for what the Beauties referred to as their "lily-white bods" reached the five-figure class, though it was Tommie who received the most unusual bid: "A leading political cartoonist . . . offered to present me with a signed caricature of myself on the morning after."

Holland, to be sure, seemed relatively immune to *les Girls'* charms. In Amsterdam, though the night-club audiences were kind, nobody leered "even when we wagged our tail feathers in their soup." Here Tommie made her bravest attempt to behave like the gold-digging chorus girl of legend, but even when she dated a diamond merchant the best she could do in the way of a souvenir was an industrial diamond of rather less than one carat. "He picked up a tiny stone with the tweezers. . . . 'This one is inferior. It makes good souvenir.' He put the diamond into a small envelope and handed it to me. 'Vit my compliments'."

The fact was that Tommie, despite a 34-21-35 figure that made sculptors' eyes gleam, was not the Toast-of-the Town type. Her father, at home in Canada, was a pastor, her mother a novelist, and she herself had been trained by Martha Graham in the modern dance. While the other Basil Beauties sipped *apéritifs* in smart cafes and talked of clothes and men, Tommie the egghead plodded through art galleries, her pockets abulge with grammars and guidebooks. Though she masqueraded as a champagne cocktail at heart she was as wholesome as a bottle of Seven-Up.

For any American who happened to be a tourist in the Europe of 1937 or 1938 "Les Girls" will bring back memories. Josephine Baker was starring at the Folies in "a few bits of strategically placed gold leaf." In Munich the Alte Pinakothek was showing a photographic exhibit: subject, Jews, "made to appear in an unattractive light." Unlike most tourists, *les Girls* had several small brushes with reality. They gave a command performance at a Nazi ball, where the women looked like "frumpish dairymaids" and the men "like pigs wearing glasses." Field Marshal Goering was the host. "I took a good look at him. He took a good look at me." Later at a party in Rome Tommie met a thick-set young pilot named Bruno. Bored by his conversation, which seemed to be concerned mainly with "slotted flaps and wing ratios," she moved on, and it was not until afterward that she learned that his last name was Mussolini.

ALL this makes reading which, if not always dazzling, is certainly lighthearted and engaging. It would be going too far to describe Miss Tomkinson as a great wit, but she writes with a cheerful literacy and an unfailing good-naturedness that almost pass for wit and in any case make an enjoyable substitute. "You are *simpatica—veramente simpatica,"* an Italian Marchese told her, patting her kindly on the head, and one is inclined to endorse his verdict.

—From the book.

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Evening Flowers

"Three Geishas," by Kikou Yamata *(translated by Emma Craufurd. John Day. 253 pp. $3.50), offers the somewhat fictionalized biographies of three notable women whose calling has no exact counterpart outside Japan. Our reviewer is Elizabeth Gray Vining, author of "Windows for the Crown Prince" and other books.*

By Elizabeth Gray Vining

NO SUBJECT interests Americans in Japan as the geisha does. Her training, her status, her way of life are endlessly fascinating and somehow never quite credible to people unaccustomed to making a distinction between engaging a woman for the night and engaging her for an evening. A book about geishas therefore is almost certain to sell well.

Kikou Yamata's "Three Geishas" is purportedly the factual biographies of three women, with an introduction which tells everything about the geisha except how the Japanese wives regard her. To the hard-working, frugal wife, whose title, *Okusama*, means Honorable Within, and who stays within the home, the geisha is an expensive institution to be despised and feared. Though in postwar days young women of social standing have won enough freedom to offer competition to the geisha and though the geisha herself is so modernized that she has shed her traditional wig and rides to her engagements on a motor scooter, we are told, Japanese men still seek in her the old-time glamor.

The three geishas of the old school whose stories are here told are Okichi San, whose name is associated with that of Townsend Harris during the years when he struggled to negotiate the first commercial treaty between the United States and Japan; O-Koi, who became the mistress of Prince Katsura, Prime Minister at the time of the Russo-Japanese War; and Tsumakichi, the "armless wonder," victim of one of those hideous and grotesque crimes of violence which occasionally occur in Japan. The proprietor of the teahouse to which she belonged went mad, beheaded five of her companions, and sliced off both arms of the sixteen-year-old Tsumakichi. She survived, she went on for a time as a geisha, she sang, she learned to paint with a brush held in her teeth, she married and had children, she wrote her memoirs, and she is now an honored nun in a Buddhist temple in Kyoto. Hers is a story of immense human courage and resilience—and of magnanimity, for she forgave the man who injured her and for years paid for services for his soul.

Kikou Yamata, who tells these stories, is the author of "Lady of Beauty," a rather strange, haunting novel about a woman who imprisoned herself and others within the sterile shell of her own beauty. Half-French and married to a Swiss artist, she writes in French. Even allowing for a poor translation one finds in "Three Geishas" none of the distinction of writing of "Lady of Beauty." The style is lush and sentimental, the material has been romanticized and fictionized, there are careless errors in fact. The Shimoda of 1850, for instance, is described as containing "brand-new office buildings and bazaars in which were to be seen garments made of cloth, hats, leather shoes, much-coveted weathercocks, mirrors, and watches." And this at a time when Shimoda was a remote fishing village, when office buildings were unknown in Japan, and if there were any leather shoes in the country they were on the feet of the few Dutch traders!

The biographies of O-Koi and Tsumakichi are based on their own memoirs, which are accepted without critical evaluation. For the story of Okichi Madame Yamata has drawn freely on the many novels, dramas, and pseudo-biographies that have been written about this now legendary figure. She herself says, "Okichi has never been officially recognized in the history of the U.S. Ambassador Joseph Grew visiting Shimoda during the festival did not assist in the last part of the program"—*i.e.*, the day devoted to Okichi. There is no evidence that Townsend Harris wanted anything from Okichi but someone to nurse him when he was sick and to get him milk and fresh vegetables. Certainly the conscientious, harassed, strait-laced, middle-aged Harris, who made almost no mention of her in his diary, would be outraged if he could read this arch account, embellished with the standard physical details of drug-store-library novels, of his imagined seduction of Okichi.

The best part of the book is the sidelight on history in the picture of O-Koi keeping vigil with Prince Katsura, kneeling behind him and fanning him through the hot night while he waited for "the results of the secret conversations in which Prince Ito tried to persuade the staff headquarters to accept the Russo-Japanese peace. If these negotiations had failed it meant ruin, for the country had come to an end of its resources."

The negotiations did not fail, peace was made, but the people, disappointed of the vast indemnities they had expected, turned in fury against both Katsura and his mistress. O-Koi after considering suicide decided, with "that coldly practical view of life she had acquired in a profession devoted exclusively to the terrestrial sphere," to escape instead. "Her conscience," the author remarks with mild surprise, "did not reproach her for having the presence of mind to try to save her skin."

GLAMOROUS GRANDMA: Marlene Dietrich is one of the most remarkable women of our time. Now fifty-one, she still represents the utmost in seduc-

Nancy Revisited

By Maggie Rennert

IT COMES not from your glass, but from your skin,
I have decided—this almost-flower scent of gin
Twisted a little off the true, but in proportion:
As the neon beer-signs are to colors,
The jukebox anguish is to emotion.

Let me buy your gin, for I am in your debt
Forever and a little: Goddess, delicate
With my first love, who poised aloft, sun-gold,
Dazzling my fourteen-year-old eyes
At the rim of their world,

Who arced through blue summer spaces
And parted waters—teaching with one grace
Both sorrows: how blinding is the curve,
And that it is sudden.
Ex-princess with a dirty neck,
Drink up, and I'll take you home in a taxi.

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tive glamour. At the same time she is the world's most glamorous grandmother, making no effort to hide a *hausfrau*-like devotion to her daughter and grandchild. Her record of entertaining troops through the war was one few others could match, and through all this her svelte underpinnings have, if anything, become more attractive. All in all, Miss Dietrich is something of a phenomenon, and in **"Blond Venus"** (Roy, $3.50) Leslie Frewen attempts to show us what makes her phenomenal. He succeeds none too well. Possibly this is because Miss Dietrich is deeply enigmatic, but a more likely reason is that the author has been content merely to recapitulate a Dietrich the world already knows.

Miss Dietrich, seemingly the most pragmatic of persons, is described as consulting an astrologer almost daily. Why? The book makes no attempt to explore this interesting aberration. Then there is the matter of her marriage. Wed to the same man for nearly thirty years she seldom seems to go near him. Why does she remain married? The photographs herein reproduced of a young, middle-years, and current Dietrich are interesting, but somehow Mr. Frewen gives the impression that he has gone no farther than the nearest newspaper morgue for his material. And that, of course, isn't far enough.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

GAL REPORTER: "To crash a New York paper, reform the world, fall in love, and marry a millionaire" those were the modest ambitions that came true for one unusual young lady as told by Mignon Rittenhouse in **"The Amazing Nellie Bly"** (Dutton, $3.75). Elizabeth Cochrane was born on a farm near Pittsburgh in 1867 and became Nellie Bly when, at the age of eighteen, she brashly walked her way into a job with *The Pittsburgh Dispatch*. Her reputation as a girl reporter *extraordinaire* began when she wrote on the hitherto hushed subject of divorce and went on to campaign for bettering the lot of Pittsburgh's working women and the slums they lived in.

A trip to Mexico unchaperoned—unheard of in those days for a single girl—and exposé articles of the Mexican regime then in power brought her to Pulitzer's *New York World*. Nellie's first assignment was her shocking idea—to feign insanity, be committed to the asylum on Blackwell's Island, and find out how the insane poor were treated. The hair-raising story of her ten days there paved the way for wholesale reforms of conditions on what is now Welfare Island. A born crusader, Nellie tackled everything from sweat shops and city prisons to politics and housing, but she became a living legend when she beat the record set by Jules Verne's traveler in the best-selling "Around the World in Eighty Days."

When she was twenty-eight Nellie Bly surprised everyone by marrying Robert Seaman, a seventy-two-year-old bachelor millionaire, and lived out the rest of her childless days away from the spectacular limelight that had rightfully been hers. The bare facts of Nellie Bly's biography alone are fascinating, but Miss Rittenhouse's narrative style reads like an old-fashioned novel for teen-agers. This reader still does not know what made Nellie Bly tick and just why she achieved the fame and fortune that has eluded other pretty, bright, and ambitious women then and now.

—DOROTHY MANDEL.

—*Culver.*

Since the lady above and the lady below get around a good deal, it's not surprising that their paths should cross, even to having their biographies reviewed on the same page of *SR*. The Pennsylvania farm girl who grew up to become Nellie Bly (below) outdid Jules Verne's famous character in an 1889 dash around the world. The German officer's daughter who grew up to pose for the picture above is of course Marlene Dietrich. Although the photo was snapped almost two decades ago, Miss Dietrich is still in good form. Shortly she will be appearing as a Barbary Coast saloon proprietress in a film based on Mr. Verne's classic.

—*New York Historical Society.*

MEDITATIONS OF A PENWOMAN: Readers of any of Faith Baldwin's sixty popular novels may have detected an inspirational streak in her writings. Now, in her first non-fiction work **"Face Toward the Spring"** (Rinehart, $2.75), Miss Baldwin collects her philosophical points of view in almanac form, grouping her reflections around the twelve months of the year. Since these pieces have appeared in the magazine *Christian Herald* the reader rightly expects a strong religious overtone.

Miss Baldwin is both sentimental and emotional but she is also honest, giving a frank appraisal of herself and why she feels as she does about things. In her own words what she is trying to achieve is "the quiet, the peace, the letting go of tension, the cooling of the fever of living." Communication with nature, with humanity, and religion offer one answer: "As a man thinketh, so is he; and as he communicates his thoughts, by whatever means, in such measure does he affect himself and everyone he meets and knows, whether for better or for worse." She speaks of the heartbreak of losing a loved one and the anguish of leaving a cherished home, and being a "praying woman" she finds solace and courage in the words of the Bible and her love of God. To her "Time is a dressmaker specializing in alterations" and the glories of New England country, living with the four seasons, bring her the enjoyment of each definite season while still looking forward to the next one. Spring is her favorite but "the climate of the heart is not always that of the weather." Miss Baldwin's manner is unpretentious and feminine, wholly personal and yet peculiarly applicable and inspirational to every-woman.

—D. M.

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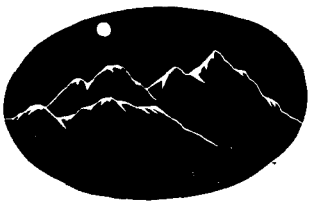
The Giants Beyond the Rockies



"Men to Match My Mountains," by Irving Stone *(Doubleday. 459 pp. $5.95), a new volume in the Mainstream of America Series, is a narrative history of California, Nevada, Utah, and Colorado between 1840 and 1900, with special emphasis on the personalities involved. Our reviewer is Frank Waters, author of "The Colorado" and other books.*

By Frank Waters

Bring me men to match my
mountains,
Bring me men to match my plains,
Men with empires in their purpose
And new eras in their brains.

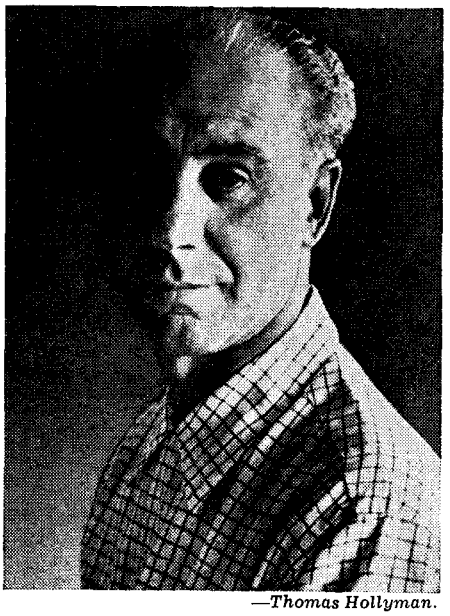
FROM this quatrain in Sam Foss's "The Coming American" Irving Stone derives both the title and approach to his current book. "Men to Match My Mountains" is a narrative history of the development of California, Nevada, Utah, and Colorado between 1840 and 1900; and like most of the volumes in the publisher's Mainstream of America Series, it features the outstanding men involved, rather than the causes and issues of westward expansion across the plains and mountains.

Its main virtue is that it is a highly readable narrative that contains a plethora of fascinating stories, vignettes, and character sketches. The explorations of Frémont, the California Gold Rush, the high-doings in Nevada, the Mormon Empire, and the settlement of Colorado are infused with a people's lust for life and land. Against these long familiar and sweeping backgrounds are detailed the tragedy of the Jayhawkers and the Donner party, the greedy ruthlessness of C. P. Huntington, the stupid pomp of Leland Stanford—a hundred others.

If it has a major fault it may be Mr. Stone's constant juxtaposition of events as he skips from an unfinished tale in California to start one in Colorado, resume another in Nevada or Utah, and return again. One often feels that he is juggling the instalments of a half dozen serials in the air at one time. This fictional method may create more reader suspense than historical confusion. Yet it does tend to obscure some of the strange compulsions that drove various masses of emigrants west.

The frank greed that drove the Pike's Peak Fifty-Niners toward Colorado, for example, was a far different compulsion than that which impelled the Mormons toward the Promised Land in Utah. Although both eventually resulted in settlement of the land, the significance of the Mormon Empire was its tragic isolation: physical isolation of a people in the heart of a vast wilderness; political isolation of a theocratic despotism in a democratic republic; religious isolation of a polygamous order within a national monogamy; economic isolation of a socialistic monetary system during an era of imperialistic materialism. And finally an individual isolation in spirit that swiftly climbed toward murder, masochism, and the fanatical extreme of blood atonement. . . . Not until this climactic isolation broke its own confines did the Mormon Empire bleed into the mainstream of Western development.

IT IS perhaps natural in a book of such scope that some historic details may seem out of focus. In Mr. Stone's view Winfield Scott Stratton assumes a role quite minor to that of the destitute cowhand Bob Womack, who discovered gold in Pike's Peak. Actually it was Stratton's discovery of the Independence, on July 4, 1891, that boomed Cripple Creek into the greatest gold camp in America. The Independence, officially appraised by international experts as the most noteworthy gold mine in the Western Hemisphere, was less remarkable than Stratton. It was he who constantly held the stage for many reasons. It is a pity that Mr. Stone does not mention any of them: Stratton's novel Bowl of Gold theory that has resulted in the many drainage tunnels bored into the Peak ever since. His compulsion to use his vast wealth for the benefit of the people at large, resulting in donations to Colorado Springs of parks, a city hall, a county court house, the Federal post office, purchase of the street car system—the first in the United States to take out group life insurance on its employees, and financing of a home-buying plan for his employees. And finally the creation of the Myron Stratton Home for the destitute, still financed today from the proceeds of his mines and estate—a home that has completely supported 600 men and women, supported and educated 533 boys and girls, and the only institution in America today taking care of people with an age span of from five to ninety-nine years. Here certainly, fifty years before "the era in his brains," is a man to match the most familiar and best-loved mountain in America.



—*Thomas Hollyman.*

Irving Stone—"the ideals of solidarity."

Mr. Stone's story of Tabor unsuccessfully hitting up Stratton for a $100 loan does not ring true. Actually, at the time, destitute Tabor called upon Stratton in his office and borrowed $15,000 with the desperate hope of developing an old mine at Ward, Colo. Signing a formal note, he gave as security the deed of a mine in Arizona. Three years later, when the Ward mine failed to show color, Stratton returned deed and note to ruined Tabor. Shortly thereafter Tabor died, leaving Mrs. Tabor destitute with another $15,000 debt against the famous Matchless Mine. Stratton went to Leadville, paid the note, and secured title in Baby Doe's name, enabling her to hang on to this last imperishable ideal.

It is by such strivings upward toward the ideals of human solidarity that hang like mists above the peaks of progress, and not only by conquering their lower granite slopes, that men have matched the mountains.

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Redskins and U. S.

***"Other Men's Skies," by Robert Bunker** (Indiana University Press. 256 pp. $4.50), is a discussion of U. S. Government policy toward the Indian in the recent years. Oliver La Farge, our reviewer, is president of the American Association on Indian Affairs.*

By Oliver La Farge

FOR about a decade Robert Bunker was a *rarissima avis*, an intellectual in the U.S. Indian Service. He served under the United Pueblos Agency at Albuquerque, N. M., which administers the eighteen Pueblo tribes of that state and several depressed groups of Navajos scratching along east and southeast of the main mass of the Navajo country. He worked out of the central agency for some years, then was "sub-agent" at Zuni, the westernmost and most separate pueblo, where he also had a hand in the affairs of the Ramah Navajos.

His service was during the period when high bureaucratic authority believed that no real progress could be made by Indians unless they themselves sought it, and that paramount rights of choice concerning their own futures should be left to the people concerned—New Deal doctrines that have since been swept away impatiently by practical men intent on showing "results."

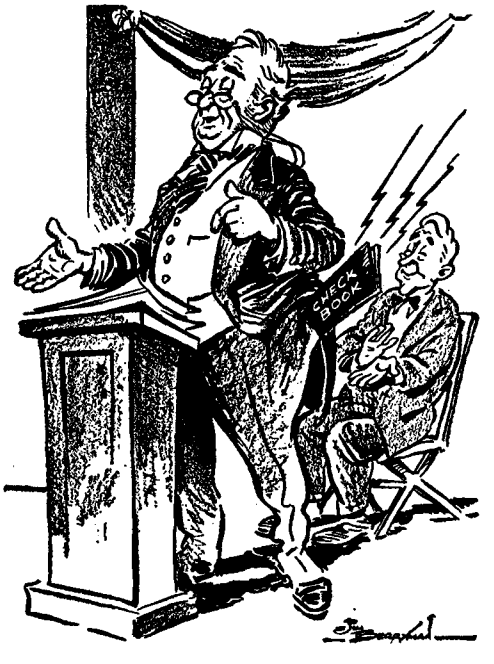
Bunker grasped them fully, with all their demands of patience, their frustrations for the administrator who likes to get things done *now*. As he went about applying them, in practice, by trial and error, and with much reflection, he developed a philosophy about how one can help other men to help themselves.

Out of this comes a book called "Other Men's Skies," a combination of narrative and thesis of unusual interest. At the beginning narrative predominates; the presentation lets the reader follow the experiences behind his thinking, and throughout the book incident, description, and character sketches carry a continuing, interesting, often vivid story of the Indians themselves.

His own development of his thesis is part of the story and grows logically out of the action situations. He shows the practice, as well as the theory, of holding back, of not allowing impatience, desire for results conceived by an outsider as desirable, superior knowledge of an external, technical kind, to lead an administrator into robbing the people of the strenth of making the ultimate decision for themselves, nor into substituting his initiative for theirs.

At times Mr. Bunker's mental and emotional processes seem over-complex. His style is occasionally too mannered or self-conscious, but most of the time it is good. His thinking and feeling are fundamentally right, his book consistently readable. It could be read with profit, and should be read, by anyone who goes, with superior authority or superior technical equipment, to work with "backward" peoples anywhere.

DICTIONARY OF DOUBLETALK: For some years now Washington newsmen Arthur T. Hadley and James T. Berryman have been translating the public utterances of Capitol Hill for the benefit of the rest of the country's population. Last month Mr. Hadley and Mr. Berryman got together and published a book. **". . . Do I Make Myself Clear?"** (Holt, $1.50), as they call it, is comprised of sixty-three pages of text and cartoons, the purposes of which are to poke a little fun at the jargon of politicians and to define its true meanings. Samples: "My answer is a definite and final 'No'" (The Hadley-Berryman translation: "For the present I'm against it") and "Yes. Absolutely yes" (trans: "If the pressure doesn't get too great, I'm with you").



Labor War

***"The Rocky Mountain Revolution," by Stewart H. Holbrook** (Holt. 304 pp. $3.95), tells the story of Harry Orchard, the bad man responsible for much of the violence in the labor strife in Western mining areas at the turn of the century. Arthur E. Ekirch, Jr., author of "The Decline of American Liberalism," is our reviewer.*

By Arthur E. Ekirch, Jr.

SINCE the settlement of the Western frontier was conditioned by violence, it is hardly surprising that a score of Western bad men have become familiar figures of American folklore. Harry Orchard, one of the most prolific killers in frontier annals, was not the typical bad man popularized in such legends as those of Harry Tracy, Billy the Kid, or the Dalton brothers. Yet more than any of these, perhaps, he contributed to unease and fear in the Western United States. He also had much to do with making the reputations of William E. Borah, Clarence Darrow, and William D. Haywood. Orchard died in a penitentiary hospital on April 13, 1954.

His extraordinary career in relation to the American labor movement is resurrected by Stewart Holbrook in a book called "The Rocky Mountain Revolution." Holbrook talked with Orchard in prison and became fascinated with his personality and belated efforts to rehabilitate himself. In his youth Orchard had been a new-type killer, a nerveless professional whose favorite weapon was dynamite. His victims were those who had incurred the enmity of organized labor in the mining areas of the West. By the time Orchard, the trigger man of Rocky Mountain revolution, drifted into the mines country early in the 1890s the industry had already lost its free-wheeling character. The day of the individual mine owner who also swung a pick or wielded a shovel had passed. Big operators and absentee owners, grouped together in a protective association, were ranged against wage-earners combined after 1893 in the powerful Western Federation of Miners. A month after Orchard secured his union card on the last day of March 1899, he lit the fuse that blew up a non-union mine concentrator in the Coeur d'Alenes area of Idaho. Almost by accident Harry Orchard thus embarked upon a seven-year span of lethal violence.

Born Albert E. Horsley in Canada

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in March 1866, Horsley or Orchard, the alias by which he was later known, fled his family and native surroundings with another man's wife. A small business venture had failed largely because of his own crooked dealings. A decade of wandering, marked always by his weakness for gambling, brought him finally to Coeur d'Alenes and his initial venture as a dynamiter. Orchard managed to stay clear of any further major crime until he was drawn in the summer of 1903 into the new ferment of the Cripple Creek district of Colorado. Here, in the midst of a protracted strike called by the Western Federation of Miners, Orchard really tore things lose by dynamiting a rail depot filled with non-union miners. Orchard presumably was the goon or tool of the Federation leaders, Charles H. Moyer, George A. Pettibone, and William D. Haywood. The latter especially felt that violence would unite the rank and file of workers behind the union. But instead public outrage wrecked the Federation, although Haywood went on to achieve greater influence and fame, incorporating his old union members in the Industrial Workers of the World formed in 1905.

In that year Orchard reached the end of his macabre goon jobs with the New Year's Eve murder of Frank Steunenberg, the ex-governor of Idaho. Orchard, hitherto only vaguely suspect and never apprehended for any of his killings, was now arrested. His trial, one of the most celebrated in labor history, turned on the question of whether Haywood and his union colleagues were accomplices in Orchard's crime, or whether they were being framed by the mine owners.

Since the only legal evidence of their complicity rested on Orchard's testimony after he had confessed and turned state's witness, Haywood, Moyer, and Pettibone were all acquitted, although widely believed guilty. Orchard, sentenced to life imprisonment, seemed the least important figure in a case in which the Federation leaders were defended by Clarence Darrow and prosecuted by William E. Borah.

Along with his vivid account of Orchard's life Holbrook provides an interesting sketch of labor strife in the mines and the role of Haywood and other Federation officers. Orchard, after all, was a symbol and tool in the struggle in which miners and Wobblies were counterparts of the robber barons whose history Holbrook has also written in his "Age of the Moguls." Today there seems to be more popular enthusiasm for the ruthless industrialists of the 1890s than there is for their labor antagonists, and literary emphasis on the violent aspects of the labor movement probably strengthened this feeling. Holbrook, however, has now related the story of each side with a good deal of impartial sympathy and human insight.

MONTANA EDITOR: Personal journalism in the United States has given way in a large degree to a canned and pallid substitute; but once it flourished and nowhere more prolifically than in the West. Some stalwarts remain, reminders of the era when the weekly editor was a personality and a power in his community. Among them is Daniel W. Whetstone, whose **"Frontier Editor"** (Hastings House, $4.50) is a delightful reminiscence of the days when.

Mr. Whetstone's "days when" began in 1909 when as a young man he established *The Pioneer Press* in Cut Bank, Mont., a town near Glacier National Park, whose population then and now is under 4,000. The homestead tide was then reaching across Montana, cutting into the power of the cattlemen. Thus Mr. Whetstone is able to range from the old West through the prosperous Twenties and the bleak Thirties to the present when oil vies with wheat as the area's chief economic preoccupation.

The editor's backward glances are keen and kindly even when they involve those who opposed his paper and its policies. He tells engaging stories about the townsfolk, dealing impartially with the gaudy and the self-righteous element.

Mr. Whetstone has grown prosperous with the years. His paper has paid him well and he has a stake in oil. But it is obvious that wealth has not made him stuffy, nor has it dimmed his sly sense of humor and the balanced sense of proportion that he brought to Cut Bank almost fifty years ago. He views his bailiwick with amused tolerance, and he tells a story that is part of the great tradition of American journalism.

—Alden Whitman.

TEXAS PEOPLE: In 1945 Stanley Walker turned his back upon twenty-six years as a New York City newspaperman and became a stock raiser in Lampasas County, Texas, his birthplace, where he owned a small piece of ranchland. His new book, **"Home to Texas"** (Harper, $4), is partly an account of his ranching experiences, but mainly it consists of frank, deftly written character sketches and anecdotes about Texans whom Walker has known. In his most vivid chapters he draws upon his memories of "the Little Giant," his bullying schoolteacher father whom he feared and disliked; of his Uncle Earnest, cattleman, who once fought a duel with hot branding irons; and of his mother, whose hands were so misshapen from excessive house and farm work that Walker, even as a middle-aged man, could not look at them "without wincing and wanting to cry out in protest." The book is also replete with sympathetic but unprettified comment about today's Texans. Perhaps it may help to erase the popular stereotype of the Texas oil millionaire and replace him with the more typical farmer and stock raiser, tired, in debt, and not very hopeful that the thunderhead on the horizon will bring rain.

—Hal Bridges.

Catch What You Can

By Jean Garrigue

THE thing to do is to try for that sweet skin
One gets by staying deep inside a thing.
The image that I have is that of fruit—
The stone within the plum or some such pit
That gives the substance to a thing beyond.

Stay with me, mountain flowers I saw,
And battering moth against a wind-dark rock,
Stay with me till you build me all around
The honey and the clove I thought to sight
If lingering long enough I lived and got
Your intangible wild essence in my heart.
And whether that's by sight or thought
Or staying deep inside an aerial shed
Till imagination makes the heart-leaved vine
Out of damned bald rock, I cannot guess
The game is worth the candle if it's lit. . . .

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Hidden Brain Power

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial, by Lawrence S. Kubie, Clinical Professor of Psychiatry at the Yale University School of Medicine, member of the faculty of the New York Psychoanalytic Institute, and lecturer in Psychiatry, College of Physicians and Surgeons (Columbia University), will also appear in extended form in a forthcoming issue of the* Harvard Alumni Bulletin.

IT IS LITERALLY true that no man has ever used more than a small fragment of his brain power. In fact, even the most alert of us are never wholly awake, much less fully in action. If you think that the organ itself is small, I can assure you that you are misled by its appearance. A few years ago the pundits calculated that to duplicate the human brain with existing radio tubes, structure by structure, cell by cell, connecting fibril by connecting fibril, would require for each human being a machine almost as tall as Rockefeller Center and as large in area as the Cow Palace of San Francisco to house the millions of individual units, their cooling and replacement systems, their files, and their message-transmitting components. Another calculated that it would take the power of Niagara Falls to run it and Niagara's rushing waters to keep it from overheating. Although modern transistors and comparable electronic devices would reduce all of these dimensions a hundredfold, what each human head contains, condensed into microscopic units, remains immense. Moreover, the capacity of this machine to store energy and information, to transform information into new questions for which it finds new answers, and to transmit them exceeds the output not only of the best work-producing machines but even of those fantastic electronic computers which can match in a day the output of many months of man-hours. This is the brain whose latent capacities we barely use.

Why is this? It is because the brain's psychological products are so organized that almost from birth we are continuously blocked by conflicts among internal factions. This has been man's lot from the days of Adam until this moment; yet it is specifically here that we stand on the threshold of a new kind of life. The future opens up to us the possibility that we may learn to end the waste and destructiveness of this internal impasse, freeing our enormous latent creative powers from the crippling and paralyzing domination of unconscious conflicts. We glimpse this freedom in dreams, or in sudden moments of intuitive creativeness. Oddly enough, we sometimes see it in the productions of those unfortunates who have been known as the Idiot Savant, *i.e.*, the imbecile, devoid of conflict, who can use his small fragment of a brain with greater economy and efficiency than a Ph.D. from MIT can use his whole one. This gives us some hint of the immeasurable creative potential which lies hidden in the mind of every man, waiting for us to learn how to unleash it. And my point is that there are signs that we stand on the frontiers of this exciting new existence.

The infinite creative potential of the human brain is housed in a potentially indestructible body. The animal body is the only machine which has a built-in replacement system, its own self-replenishing devices! And among all animals the human being stands alone in this respect, because of the scientific use of his creative potential to solve the problems of disease. We have learned that as long as the supply system is intact the body continuously takes itself apart and puts itself together, not merely organ by organ or tissue by tissue or cell by cell, but literally molecule by molecule. Potentially, therefore, it is constantly renewed and never ages. Consequently there is no *a priori* reason why any human being need ever die. Once we conquer the problem of arteriosclerosis (as we surely will), thus maintaining the integrity of the supply system of the body; and once such internally generated destructive diseases as cancer are eliminated (as will surely happen); and once the modern control of and prophylaxis against bacterial infection are paralleled by a similar mastery of viral infection; and once a few other problems are solved, it will be hard to conceive how anybody who does not have the accident habit can cease to live. Some day men and women will—except for murders, suicides, and accidents—stop dying.

Hold your breath for a moment and ask what this is going to mean. Think of space, and air, and fuel, and food, and water, and housing, and transportation. Think of the search for new worlds begun in desperate earnest. Think of family organization. Who is going to license young folk to exercise the precious right to procreate? What will happen to industry and employment, an enormous population, automation, and endless leisure? What of the idle undertakers? What is going to happen to the Hereafter, when no one graduates into it through death? And what of the clergy who guard its emptying portal?

I could pursue my fantasy in many directions, for I do not doubt that we will reach this point if we do not first destroy our world. Indeed, we would be well advised to start now to use that enormous brain power to which I have alluded to do a little planning in advance, planning for the day when Man conquers Death. For when that day comes, or even during these immediate years of rapidly lengthening life-span, it is vital that life itself should become more meaningful. Otherwise the mere prolongation of life will mean that the Ultimate Enemy will be Murder and Suicide out of the Desperation of Longevity. Would it not be wise to give some thought to this now, and not to wait for the redemption of life in some increasingly remote and always hypothetical Hereafter?

—LAWRENCE S. KUBIE, M.D.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE ART'S MUSIC!

FERGUSSON'S ARTICLE on the American musical (*SR* Sept. 15), omits any discussion of one of the most important components: the musical score. It is no secret that the books of musicals are sometimes (or most times) incoherent, illiterate, and even nonexistent. In recent years an attempt has been made to rectify this and not always with success. Chief offenders have been Rodgers and Hammerstein. A steady string of hits has encouraged them to attempt more and more ambitious "plays" with music" which have not always come off. The result has been that a new R&H musical might be the season's delight or a pompous, pretentious, almost mechanical bore. Yet along comes "My Fair Lady" which is a perfect combination of book, cast, direction, music, and lyrics—everything—and it is indeed "profitable, popular, and professional."

But why bring art into it? I don't believe that the producer—or even the authors—of the American musical pretend to purvey anything but entertainment for profit. If art results it is unselfconscious and almost accidental, which is fine, but why demand a genuine and lasting art from an ephemeral evening's entertainment? What remains from the "classic" musicals of the Twenties: the music. We still hear the songs from "Girl Crazy," but who would attempt to revive the show? Music alone won't do it, of course, as witness a couple of seasons ago Harold Arlen's superlative score, "House of Flowers." But the songs are what remain after the show closes, and the songs are art. (This is not to suggest that there are not other art elements in the musical such as sets, costumes, the dances—but these fade with the show's end).

When Mr. Fergusson feels inclined to evaluate the art of a musical, it might be suggested that he listen to the songs.

EDWARD JABLONSKI.

New York, N. Y.

LEND-LEASE

AS A FOOTNOTE to Kluckhohn's "Suppose Columbus Had Stayed Home" (*SR* Sept. 22) may I offer this from William Bolitho's "Twelve Against the Gods":

> One strange and romantic revenge the Earthly Paradise took on the wreckers, the vanguard of Europe, and through them on all future generations of Europeans. The Caribs of Haiti were weak delicate creatures; their lack of robustness . . . often grumbled about by his (Columbus's) slave-dealers later. They suffered indeed from a disease which, endemic among them for countless generations, had only debilitating effects on them, but which when contracted by their masters from their women and known afterwards by the poetical name of syphilis had far graver effects. A hundred years after the last Carib beauty was dead, Europe was poisoned from end to end.

In short, it would have been better for the Europeans and natives of the Americas if Columbus *had* stayed home.

DAVID ANTMAN.

New York, N. Y.

"J. D. always boasts of his ability to clear his desk by four o'clock."

WAR ON CRITICS

MY HAT'S OFF to N.C. for his dissent regarding Hollis Alpert's review of "War and Peace" (*SR* Sept. 8). I have long thought that critics have turned sour and bitter. So many times have I seen pictures that thrilled me which smart-aleck reviewers, hard-bitten by years in front of bars, aloof from the common man, saw fit to condemn for cuteness's sake. What Alpert needs is solitary confinement with some of his hoity-toity reviews. In good time he will realize that the average *SR* reader goes to the cinema for joy and richer experiences, not to learn things from some Big Brain. Is the picture worth seeing? Yes or no, Alpert?

HARRY GREENE.

Northridge, Calif.

WARM "WAR"

I AM SHOCKED. If "War and Peace" isn't a great work of art, what is? Instead of criticizing the polyglot soundtrack (certainly the actors possessed different inflections, but none that the ear couldn't adjust to) why not be thankful that happy international relations permitted such an international production to be made in the 1950s, when they were so impossible only a few years ago. Let us thank Tolstoy and Constance Garnett and the cinema people for an experience that is as warm and human as any in our poor world.

LOUIS NEUBERGER.

Tujunga, Calif.

FAUTE-DES-MIEUX

To N. C. THE ARIDNESS of the desert does not make nectar out of the mud of the oasis waterhole; the application of *faute-des-mieux* to film criticism fosters mediocrity.

GIDEON BACHMANN,
Editor, Cinemages.

New York, N. Y.

MORE DISSENT

N. C.'s EDITORIAL dissent expressed my reactions exactly. Thank heaven he spoke out in the face of Alpert's cruel criticism of such a very good picture.

E. H. HARPER.

Omaha, Neb.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

It's Dean, Dean, Dean

Edna Ferber visits George Stevens and first assistant Joe Rickards (left) on set.

THIS motion-picture season is already an unusual one, if for no other reason than the plenitude of "big" pictures—the two to three-and-a-half-hour expensive spectacles of which "The King and I" and "War and Peace" are examples. Coming along soon are "The Ten Commandments" and "Around the World in Eighty Days," and upon us now is **"Giant,"** a three-hour-and-fifteen-minute refresher course on Texas made from Edna Ferber's novel. The book made news by irking a considerable number of Texans, and I can hardly see how the movie will fail to do the same. While Texas is certainly shown as big enough, and rich enough, it does not get the lush and artificial treatment Oklahoma got last year in another spectacular. "Giant"—and henceforth we are speaking of the film—is pretty much the work of George Stevens, one of the best of Hollywood's directors. In the event a refresher course is needed on Stevens, he was also the director of "A Place in the Sun" and "Shane."

The long movie—and this is one of the half-dozen or so longest ever made—has always developed problems for exhibitors, for the audience, and of course for the director. The attention factor alone is an important one. The audience must somehow be beguiled to sit without squirming for a longer period than is required for an average play or opera, and normally without the help or distraction of intermissions. Within its framework it ought to, ideally, provide a sort of rhythm, an ebb and flow of climax and calm. Not the least of the virtues of "Giant" is this pattern of movement.

The movie begins on a key that makes you aware you are in the hands of someone who knows exactly what he is doing. You see a handsome young man on a train looking out over lush green fields; you glimpse, with him, a hunt in progress, and as you descend from the train to the station with him you realize that his fate is somehow tied up with what he has seen from the train window. A series of premonitions has been set up through graceful motion-picture movement. It is the sort of thing that Stevens has been good at for a long time.

This chronicle about Texas, which tells the involved story of three generations of a land-rich family, isn't a spectacle in the usual sense of the word. That is, no cities burn, no armies collide, no seas divide. It is something better than spectacle. For instance, the rich young Texan, Bick Benedict, arrives with his Eastern Shore bride at the primitive station near his ranch. Up until this moment we have been used to the green and the comfort of a rich Maryland area. Suddenly we see this new environment through two sets of eyes. The husband views it with proprietorship and pride; but the pretty young wife can only be astonished and appalled. Their private railroad car is lonely on a siding. The color of the landscape is no longer green but a desolate yellow, and across the vast space a wind like something out of a legend blows a constant storm of dust—dust that clings to the woman's clothes, irritates her eyes, and, in a story sense, tests her character.

Scene after scene is a model of movie craftsmanship, and each helps us learn more about the Benedict family and about Jett Rink, the poor ranch employe who eventually becomes one of those fabulous oil millionaires we've all heard jokes about. It becomes, as time progresses, a rather bitter chronicle. The Benedict family increases and meets its series of crises. Jett involves our sympathies too as he doggedly prospects for oil, eventually makes his strike, and turns arrogant, vulgar, sodden, and pitiable.

Not all of this immense movie is of equal interest. Some is simply too shallow, and some is too highly colored. But by the time the end is reached more than one strong point has been made. Perhaps the strongest involves the slow education of Bick Benedict to the nature of prejudice. He learns the hard way as he fights for the right of a Mexican family (and his own daughter-in-law) to eat in a roadside luncheonette. The restaurant owner knocks him flat on his back, and to make his own particular point tosses a sign on him that reads: WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO REFUSE SERVICE TO ANYONE. A surprising end to a surprising movie.

STEVENS is known for his ability to get hitherto unsuspected talents out of his actors. Elizabeth Taylor is fine for perhaps half the movie as she enacts the spirited, well-bred girl from the East. Rock Hudson is capable as the ranch owner. Both, however, must age a quarter of a century during the course of the picture and this puts a heavy strain on them. Neither does badly at all, but they are best when they are playing people of their own age. But it is the late James Dean, as Jett Rink, that the audiences will be watching—and there are many who will be watching him with fascination and love. For, as everyone knows, this young man who died in an auto smashup has caused a mass hysteria at least equal to that caused by Valentino.

Has Warner Brothers engaged in a clever campaign to build up this hysteria? I think not. The thing happened, and its own momentum has carried it

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along. Articles about Dean in half the nation's magazines are not plants by a publicity department; it is more likely, particularly in the case of the movie fan magazines, that they are in response to anguished demands from readers. There is a good deal of morbidity in this interest, as a recent *Life* article indicates. But it may not be all morbidity, for Dean was already an accomplished thoughtful actor, and his three movie roles (including his last one in "Giant") established him as a certain kind of personality.

In each he played a young, tortured rebel, a renegade who was basically good, who got into trouble with his environment because he was incapable of conforming. Underneath it all was a gentleness and an artistic-ness which probably triggered the national cascade of motherly feelings. It also got him the heartfelt sympathy and swooning worship of hundreds of thousands of teen-agers. Perhaps they saw mirrored in him their own problems, and perhaps, also, Dean provided a symbolic channel for their own rebellions against pressures of conformity, lacks of love and feeling. Whatever it was, his performance in "Giant"—sometimes highly effective, sometimes too mannered—is not going to abate the fever.

Stevens, his last director, said about Dean recently: "He had the ability to take a scene and break it down; sometimes he broke it down into so many bits and pieces that I couldn't see the scene for the trees, so to speak. I must admit that sometimes I underestimated him, and sometimes he overestimated the effects he thought he was getting. Then he might change his approach, do it quick, and if that didn't work we'd effect a compromise. All in all, it was a hell of a headache to work with him. He was always pulling and hauling, and he had developed this cultivated, designed irresponsibility. It's tough on you, he'd seem to imply, but I've just got to do it this way. From the director's point of view that isn't the most delightful sort of fellow to work with. Anyway, he delivered his performance, and he cracked himself up, and I can't say I'm happy about all that's happening about it. There are some people involved in it who don't show up too well."

The simple, sensational fact that "Giant" has in it Dean's last performance will undoubtedly guarantee the financial success of this costly picture. It is to be hoped that this will not obscure a more important fact, that the movie contains some of the very best work of a sensitive, honest, and thoughtful American director. Hollywood has a lot to be proud of as long as the distinguished Mr. Stevens is around.

—Hollis Alpert.

AMOUR AND THE MAN

A Gallery of the Kings of Movieland

THE CLASSIC PROFILE: First in the first generation of movie idols stands tall, blond Francis X. Bushman, whose long and haughty nose was in the Edwardian theatrical tradition of Maurice Costello and John Drew. In those Cro-Magnon days there was never any concern shown for Mr. Bushman's acting ability; nevertheless, fierce ham though he was, his portrayals of Romeo (1915) and the villain in "Ben Hur" (1926) were the equivalents of today's "Beefcake Boys": Tony Curtis, Burt Lancaster, Jeff Chandler, etc.

THE BOY NEXT DOOR: First example of a unique American tradition—the homespun and winning young actor who melts into his roles—was Wallace Reid. Reid's career started during the First World War and rolled on into Hollywood's Gold Rush until that sad moment, in the early Twenties, when America was shocked to learn that "The Boy Next Door" had just died from the effects of a long and tragic addiction to drugs. In his style and self-destruction, this boy was strikingly similar to James Dean.

THE LATIN LOVER: Brightest of stars was Rudolph Valentino—who sat on his own private throne in the Twirling Twenties next to Babe Ruth, Lindbergh, and Jimmy Walker. The handsome Valentino began in 1918 as a nightclub dancer, and in all his pictures—from "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1920) to his nation-shaking demise in 1926—he retained the light animal movements and the soft passionate eyes which have been the destruction of women and the despair of imitators ever since.

THE SWASHBUCKLER: For variety the Twenties liked a man who shoved his women around a little, and they especially relished his shoving one of the most beautiful creatures that ever lived—Greta Garbo. That was John Gilbert. A juvenile actor in 1914, Gilbert changed his style with the Valentino craze, grew a mustache, and in movies like "Flesh and the Devil" made the strongest bid for the departed hero's laurels. Talkies did him in, for his voice squeaked, and he left pictures to drink himself to death.

THE HE-MAN: Clark Gable is "The King" because he has been a chief male star for over twenty years—defying drama theory, withering age, and the decay of female partners. The Los Angeles stage production of "The Last Mile" brought him his first big attention. He was the first sympathetic gangster (with Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul"); he wore no undershirt in "It Happened One Night" with Claudette Colbert; and he's worked his way through Jean Harlow, Vivien Leigh, etc., down to this year's starlet.

THE GREAT ACTOR: Laurence Olivier has grown from a neglected juvenile of the Hollywood 1930s to Sir Laurence, the most famous Shakespearean of our time, whose ideas of rhythm and intonation have revolutionized the reading of the classic English poet. Sir Laurence is more than a classic, of course; he returned to the American screen as a stormy, Italian-looking lover in "Wuthering Heights" (1939) and "Rebecca," and he's now matching profiles with Marilyn Monroe in a modern sophisticated comedy.

THE SOPHISTICATE: When gambling at Monte Carlo, or shooting grouse over a ducal moor in Scotland, or plotting in Tangier, Everywoman wants Cary Grant at her side. Actually, in Mr. Grant's long career he has played everything from a cuckolded javelin-thrower to a British private. But the image that is impressed on the public memory was made during the Thirties opposite Katharine Hepburn in some of the finest comedies of manners ever filmed: "Bringing Up Baby," "The Philadelphia Story," etc.

THE TORN SHIRT: The secret of the "Method" is that the actor identifies himself with the part he's playing; it works best, of course, when a neurotic youth plays a neurotic youth. Marlon Brando, finest of "Methoders," has played Napoleon, a Manhattan gambler, and an Okinawan as well as the sensitive savages that made him famous. But the esthetic hassle that goes into the "Method" is repaid by a peculiar force in all Brando's playing which heralds a new era in the Anglo-American theatre.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Castles May Crumble

LONDON.

HELEN HAYES is perhaps the most truly representative American actress we have. And because her three most celebrated performances have been as Queen Victoria, Mary Queen of Scots, and Sir James Barrie's Maggie Shand, she can hardly be accused of being unappreciative of things British. Her recent blast at the current British theatre is therefore one that many intelligent Englishmen are privately welcoming as a confirmation from a friend of their own long-held opinion. The English theatre, for all its surface brilliance, generally lacks a sense of coming to grips with any of the stronger emotional aspects of drama. This may be inevitable in a country where form and traditional manner are maintained at all costs. But Miss Hayes's public statement may be the first shot in a theatrical revolution. There is indeed only one really solid English-bred hit. This is Peter Ustinov's "Romanoff and Juliet." Mr. Ustinov manages to be superbly zany without losing a sense of deep conviction in the importance of what he says or does. With touching sadness he goes about his self-appointed mission of accomplishing world peace in miniature by reconciling a Russian and an American family to a marriage that is contrary to ideology. His tools are imagination, love, and anything that will dissolve facts.

Mr. Ustinov the actor can make a comic aria out of a man awkwardly saying goodbye after a *faux pas* that completely fills a full minute of silence. He can carry off the Robert Benchley-like attempt-to-explain-the unexplainable. In the routine with a deaf Archbishop he will remind you of W. C. Fields. After shouting unavailingly in the Archbishop's ear he turns away to comment in soft-voiced despair only to be jolted by the deaf man suddenly acknowledging the quietly-spoken phrase.

But Mr. Ustinov the playwright is not quite so effective. While some maintain that "Romanoff and Juliet" is a modern masterpiece of Aristophanic comedy, others regard it as merely a wit-sprinkled series of skits in which the Soviet Union and the United States are parodied. This writer tends to side with the second group. But it should be quickly added that Mr. Ustinov's own passionate belief he is saying something important is always behind the latticework. He is a real talent and one wonders if he might not thrive better in a theatre where reckless emotional sincerity was more welcome.

Indeed, if one is looking for such a quality, the one place it can be found is at the small Royal Court Theatre, which is the London equivalent of off-Broadway. There twenty-six-year-old John Osborne's first play, titled "Look Back in Anger," is furiously and bitterly stating the torment of today's young Englishman who finds living in the American Age dreary if one doesn't happen to be an American. Its protagonist is an antagonizing young husband who tries to conjure up truthful living by relentlessly irritating his wife. On the smallest point he refuses to yield to middle-class nembutol—or even to Christian aspirin. The play has very rough edges, because this character becomes as irritating to the nerves of the audience as to the other characters. Yet "Look Back in Anger" penetrates the distress of real people in a ruthless way British playwrights have too long evaded.

ONE source of aid to an ailing theatre is a French play. London now has two successes from across the Channel. The first, "Hotel Paradiso," by Feydeau, is a strange application of British artificial comedy technique to French *vaudeville*. Only the sad-eyed Alec Guinness adds a human dimension to his character as he plays the henpecked husband whose one chance at an extramarital love affair is washed out by a wave of improbable events. The fun is fairly mechanical though always expertly played.

The other French success is Jean Anouilh's "The Waltz of the Toreadors," a comedy so conventionally unpleasant that when actor Hugh Griffith, who believed in the script, took it to the leading West End managers it was summarily rejected. Likewise, New York producer Robert Whitehead also had the script two years ago but could not see how it could work. But Mr. Griffith did and he finally convinced Campbell Williams to let him try it at the Arts Theatre Club. The result was surprisingly happy, with Mr. Griffith nicely catching a contradicting mixture of sentimentality and ruthless lust in his own portrayal of General St. Pé.

—HENRY HEWES.

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A Word for Weaver

NOT LONG ago there was another palace revolution at NBC. Sylvester (Pat) L. Weaver, Jr., chairman of the board, resigned. Mr. Weaver is the father of television's "spectaculars." He pioneered other major TV innovations, such as NBC's magazine type programs, "Today," "Home," "Tonight" (which launched Steve Allen), and radio's "Monitor." He introduced the "live-take-you-there" show "Wide, Wide World"; and he is generally credited with being TV's leading commercially-minded egghead.

As in most palace revolutions, the courtiers were hardly surprised. Mr. Weaver had fairly recently been elevated to the chairmanship of NBC's board from his former post of president. Such an elevation for a dynamic, young executive officer is traditionally a prelude to retirement. Explanations in the trade are two-fold. One: Robert Sarnoff, the new president, is son and heir to General David Sarnoff, chairman of the board of RCA, NBC's parent company. Two: the admission that in spite of the spectacular press Mr. Weaver has received for his showmanship CBS, his network's chief competitor, has been running away with the ratings.

TV monarchs do not all fall as handsomely as this one. The contract settlement is reported to have been generous; and although Mr. Weaver allegedly may not go to work for a rival network for a full year Madison Avenue confidently expects him back in the TV wars when the voluntary exile is lifted. This is as it should be. The ex-NBC chairman is brilliant, imaginative, daring, and not afraid to spend company money. The trade has hardly been dull with Mr. Spectacular around. He set the pace and he forced the competition to follow his leadership. Viewers may have found his ninety-minute mammoth programs delightful, pretentious, or tedious, but he made a big splash. I'm still waiting eagerly for one of Weaver's bright promises, "The Challenge of Nihilism," a hypothecated program which thus far has neither materialized nor achieved a hoped-for 40 rating. Nor have I yet seen "the Universe through the eyes of Norman Bel Geddes, with words by Steinbeck, voice by John Nesbitt, music by the greatest; with a clear and thrilling picture of the real world." But the excellent NBC opera was nurtured, I believe, by Mr. Weaver; and the best efforts of the progressive "Producers' Showcase."

I have one bone to pick with him. In January 1952, in an issue of *Television* magazine, Mr. Weaver, then vice president in charge of NBC-TV, described his network's plan to "make TV a mature instrument for the public good." "Enlightenment through exposure" was Weaver's Public Service Theme. He called himself an "information optimist," refuted the "intellectual" case against TV, and set forth an "integration" theory whereby "cultural, informative, expository, and inspirational material" would be cunningly sugarcoated into major circulation, something-for-everybody, big-audience programs. It was an up-beat document. Time has been cruel to it in some respects. NBC's pointing with pride to "Voice of Firestone," for example, has a hollow ring today, with the veteran good-music program booted off the network because its rating wasn't "major" enough.

GENERALLY speaking, it is unfair to ask public figures to face up to past words. But Mr. Weaver made one prediction in his article which prompted me to file it for future reference. "Five years from now due to the influence of TV," he wrote, "the average adolescent will be able to name on sight every important personality from politics, every world-famous individual from any field. And that is because we have been for some time checking the appearance of people, and when blanks appear, or the length of time between appearances is too long then we suggest reasons for bringing the missing faces on the screen." January 1957 was to be the check point when I intended to measure Mr. Weaver's prophetic powers. His resignation from NBC falls short of the date by only three months. My small daughters Diana and Muffet cut their teeth on the former NBC executive's first Five Year Plan for all television. I would like to thank him for all the important personalities they now know. They are as follows—not necessarily in the order of their popularity: Lassie, Brave Eagle, Sheena of the Jungle, Rin-Tin-Tin, Fury, Roy Rogers, Bullet, Trigger, Pat Brady, Jack Pearson of the Texas Rangers, Robin Hood, Lucy Ricardo, Joan Davis, Flicka, The Lone Ranger, Tonto, Silver, and The Mousketeers.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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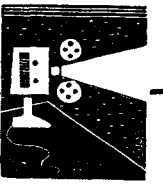

IDEAS ON FILM

Film Seminar in Vermont

WITH a little bit of luck, as the song goes, the Flaherty Seminars in Vermont may become the basis for the most important and stimulating summertime film activity we've yet dreamed of in this country. But it will take, along with everything else, a little bit of luck.

For two summers in a row Frances and David Flaherty, wife and brother of the late Robert J. Flaherty, have conducted a ten-day seminar at their home near Brattleboro. Of the forty or fifty people who have participated as students or guest speakers a substantial number, myself included, are earnestly enthusiastic about the experience and quietly determined to help the seminars continue.

The Seminar program can be divided into three main aspects: first, the showing and study of Robert Flaherty's major films; second, the showing of important new films, generally with in-person comments by their directors; third, non-film activities consisting usually of informal musical recitals by such artists as Suzanne Bloch, Richard Dyer-Bennet, and Rudolf Serkin (all friends and neighbors of the Flahertys).

The focal point of the Seminar is, as stated in the printed announcement, to participate in "an exploration of the world of Robert Flaherty—to see his films, to talk with those who worked with him, and exchange ideas about his methods." In this there were major disappointments this summer: Helen van Dongen, who at the first year's Seminar held several exciting sessions on the editing of "Louisiana Story," indicated then that she would not participate in the second. It is nearly ten years since she stopped working in the film field, and I suppose there is a limit to how much enthusiasm she can be expected to whip up about the past. Further disappointment came in Ricky Leacock's last-minute cancellation and in the earlier announced unavailability of Virgil Thompson and Benji Doniger, who had supplied camera-work, music, and sound recording respectively for the Louisiana film. Undoubtedly the Seminar would have been tremendously lifted, particularly in the opening sessions, if these people had been there to help put together again some of the thinking and effort that went into the making of Flaherty's last motion picture.

Still, surprisingly enough, the vacuum created by these absences seemed to have been almost entirely filled. It was filled primarily by the force of the Flaherty films themselves, strengthened by the comments and presence of Mrs. Flaherty and David. Of the six Flaherty films that were shown I saw only "Man of Aran" and "The Land"—since I was there for only the last four days of the Seminar. "The Land" is a most disjointed film, and very little in it reveals the hand of its maker. "Man of Aran," on the other hand, is Flaherty through and through. Once again I was surprised at its freshness. This, I suppose, is the mark of an artist—that time after time, year after year, his work becomes a completely compelling and wondrous experience. We may say that Flaherty was a genius and that his films are masterpieces; or in reaction we may say that he didn't always know what he was doing and that he made many mistakes. What we say, and even what others say, is of little significance after we see again—or perhaps for the first time—how remarkably alive and glowing his films are.

In the aura of the Flaherty films, and in the relaxed and friendly atmosphere of the Flaherty farmhome, the other Seminar activities took on new values. Although Mrs. Flaherty says flatly that her only aim in conducting and sponsoring these Seminars is to further an appreciation of her husband's work and method, the program showed wide diversification and viewpoint. It began this year with a screening of some of Sergei Eisenstein's original Mexican footage, with comments by Richard Griffith, director of the Museum of Modern Art Film Library and (I am told) with impromptu countercomments by Hans Richter, long a lively exponent and proponent of the experimental film. Al Wasserman showed his Flaherty-award CBS-TV film, "Out of Darkness," one evening, and on another Robert Northshield showed his Adventure television film, "The Way of the Navajo."

Mrs. Evelyn Reisman spoke on poetry and film, and Dr. Charles Siepmann delivered what I gather were strong words on the subject of integrity and film. In addition there were the showings of an outstanding USC student production on housing relocation ("Bunker Hill 1956"); some new McLaren films; striking color

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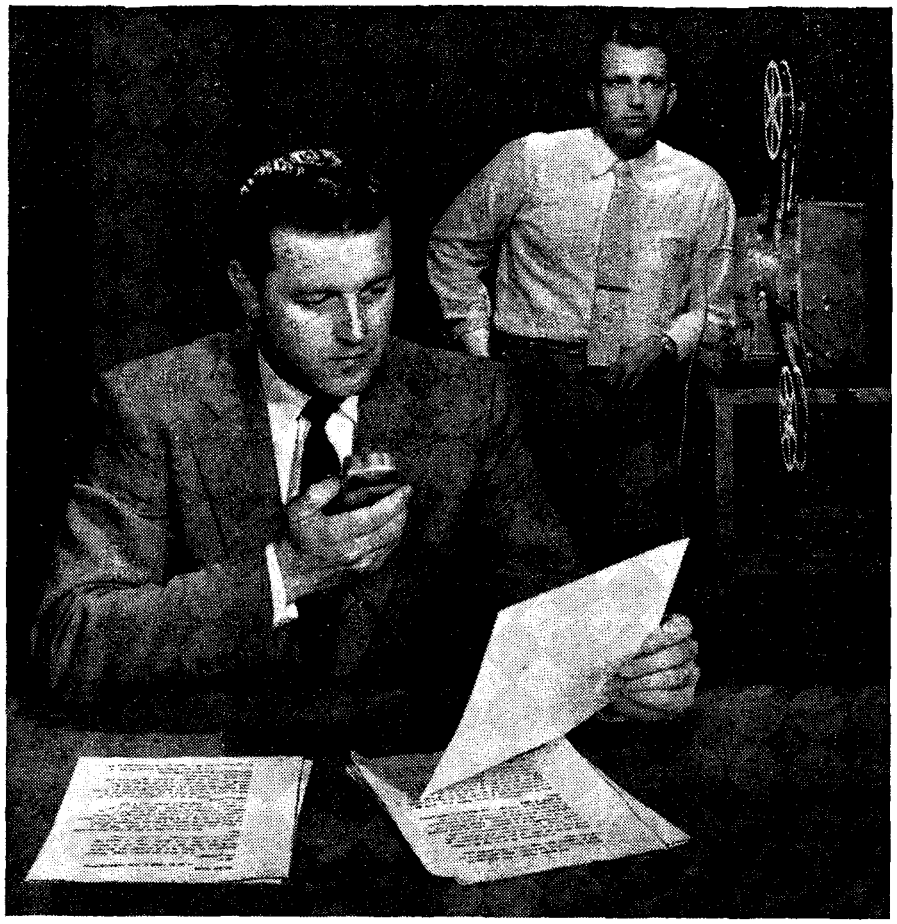
footage on the South African bushman, from Harvard University's Peabody Museum of Archeology and Ethnology; films made for improved teaching of labor-management relations; Hans Richter's newest production, "Eight by Eight," an episodic film in which chess provides thematic links; Arnold Eagle and his "Pirogue Maker," Jack Churchill and his "Seifritz on Protoplasm" (both repeats from the first year); Gideon Bachmann playing taped interviews with prominent film-makers; and a panel discussion on film societies.

Fred Zinnemann was on hand for the Seminar's final three days. He showed the introductory section of "The Search," his semi-documentary about a lost child in postwar Europe. "The Men" was screened in entirety. ("High Noon" had been screened at a late, late show earlier in the week by a small contingent who had not seen it before.) Zinnemann spoke of his personal indebtedness to Flaherty, whom he finds considerably more celebrated in Europe than in America. In between the screenings and planned discussions, over sandwiches and coffee on the porch or in the yard, Zinnemann answered swarms of questions about his own work and about commercial film production in general.

The most unexpected contribution to the Seminar was made by three members of the Puerto Rican community education film unit. Raul Munoz, chief, Luis Maisonet, head cameraman, and Angel F. Rivera, director, offered evidence, in their different ways, of a vitality and artistry that are too seldom seen on the American mainland.

With Richard Dyer-Bennet's songs on the second-to-last evening, and with Rudolf Serkin (joined by his wife, violinist Alexander Schneider, and a young horn player) for the grand finale, the Seminar ended on an exhilarating note. At breakfast the morning after, Mrs. Flaherty disclosed that she will go on with the Seminars only if she can find a suitable director to take on full responsibility for the planning, organizing, and execution. A number of people, students and guests, offered to help find additional support in funds, promotional activities, and general encouragement. The general feeling is that the Seminars must and will continue. It is not easy to put into words what distinguishes them from other meetings, study groups, film festivals, and conclaves. Perhaps it is their informality, the chance to get to know one another; perhaps it is their lack of commercialism, or the unacademic atmosphere. All together, it seems to epitomize the Flaherty way of doing things.

—Cecile Starr.



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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Sold, American!

THE other week I found myself rattling around the Southland just trying to stay out of trouble, see, when a lady whose job it is to tell me all the good things about the state of North Carolina steered me, in the teeth of a driving rain, into a tobacco warehouse. Now we didn't drive in the warehouse just to get out of the rain, although that indeed would have been sufficient reason. For a number of miles this lady had been chewing my ear on the subject of t'backa, which is grown hereabouts in some quantity and let cancer take the hindmost.

After a long and involved growing process which I shall discuss in minute detail somewhat later in this lecture, the t'backa comes to market arriving all tied in neat bundles called "hands," and these hands are strung along a pole just as neat as all get out. Each pole is laid into a wheelbarrow with utmost care and attention—I can only assume that neatness counts—and when the barrow is full the farmer wheels it up to a scale. The poor bloke has already had a perilous time fighting insects, plant diseases, variable weather, and the threat that some idiot is going to drop a match near the curing shed and have the whole mess smoked before its time. But before he can even get the harvest on the scales the Salvation Army is there giving him a little stick which he can use to prop up the card which displays the weight of his crop. For this he donates a hand of tobacco to the Army ladies and they of course sell it later to the auctioneers. Maybe this fellow is a generous type or maybe he is the local patsy, but, anyway, while he is being magnanimous with the handout to the Salvation Army signs overhead warn him to beware of Strangers, Pickpockets, and Flim-Flammers. A flim-flammer, as far as I can figure out, is a short-order extortionist.

Well, now, a fellow from the Government gives the tobacco a grade and the crop is piled on the floor of the warehouse. Comes now a double file of heavies working their way down the line. On one side is a warehouseman. He starts the bid. Moving with him is the auctioneer, an ambulatory chatter merchant. On the opposite side of the bundles come five sets of buyers representing the major tobacco companies. "Forty-five" the warehouseman is liable to say. The auctioneer picks it up immediately and what he says sounds like, "At foh-tee-fahv, a bingle, bingle, doodle, doodle. . . ." The tremolo is rich, as in a preacher warning about sin. As he sing-songs the buyers are having the heebie-jeebies. Hands go out, fists are thrust, ears are pulled, noses are twitched, and it all means something in their own strange sweet language. When the buyers stop twitching the auctioneer figures the bidding is dead and then he says "Sold, 'Merican" or Liggett or Reynolds or somebody.

The farmer meanwhile may have been following the procession, which I ought to add, moves like a man on a brisk walk. He can refuse the bidded price, but if he accepts he is paid in cash in twenty minutes. An old lady in a gingham dress watched as the chanting express moved through her bundles. She watched as hands went out to feel the leaf. She heard the prayer being intoned over it, heard the price, and then as the men moved on she called out, "Thank you, gentlemen." I don't think they heard.

MR. Tom Burton, the auctioneer who was chanting the day I stopped by, starts auctioneering each year in Georgia, comes up to Carolina, then after that season is over he moves into Kentucky. He works eight months of the year, sells 45 million pounds in that time for a crop value of some $30 million. A successful auctioneer makes about $15,000 a year for eight months of chanting. It so happens that Burton is the world champion auctioneer, having won an annual competition so many times everybody has lost interest. The judges test on voice, speed, and the susceptibility to mistakes. In actual tobacco selling there are so many bundles to unload that an auctioneer must sell a pile every six seconds or he is behind time.

In between rows Burton stops and chats with tourists who are invited to visit warehouses all over Carolina. Sales are held in over 300 auction warehouses, particularly along Tobacco Trail, a popular North-South route to Florida. The five largest auction centers are in Wilson, Kinston, Rocky Mount, Greenville, and Winston-Salem. At Wilson the Junior Chamber of Commerce functions as guides, taking tourists through the warehouses beginning each morning Monday through Friday at 10:30. Besides all this there are weekday and evening tours through the R. J. Reynolds plant at Salem, weekday tours of the American Tobacco Company at Reidsville and the Liggett and Myers factories at Durham. The output of these plants, together with P. Lorillard's establishment at Greensboro, account for half the cigarettes manufactured in the U.S.

Columbus, who discovered, as far as I can make out, everything except Sophia Loren, also discovered tobacco which was being smoked by the Indians. Why *they* don't get credit for it I don't know. Anyway, as he approached the shore he saw the natives smoking a long stick. The dialogue is reported to have gone like this:

Columbus: What are you smoking?

Indian: (thinking he meant the pipe) Tobago. Whether this particular Indian had a cold or was inarticulate isn't recorded, but Columbus put it down as *tobacco* and that's what it is called today. As everyone knows.

Columbus took tobacco to Europe where it was seized upon as a dandy remedy. Doctors preferred it two to one even then. Said one medico of the time, "As an ointment it has great healing powers." Sometime later the Europeans got around to smoking it. The first tobacco to be grown commercially in the New World sprouted along the James River of Virginia, and it was discovered that tobacco raised in America had a better flavor and aroma than any other.

By 1850 the first factories began turning out chewing tobacco and also snuff. Snuff is still used in the United States, and only last summer my mother hired a maid who was rather partial to chewing it. Having had, in her checkered career as an employer, hired Filipino housemen and maids

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whose references included movie stars, I can only assign to utter resignation or new-found tolerance my mother's decision to let the maid remain on the terms that all spitting was to be confined to a covered spittoon which was to be kept in the maid's own room. When my mother's best friend, who had been advised of the new employe, arrived for lunch bringing her own food the maid was insulted and subsequently gave notice.

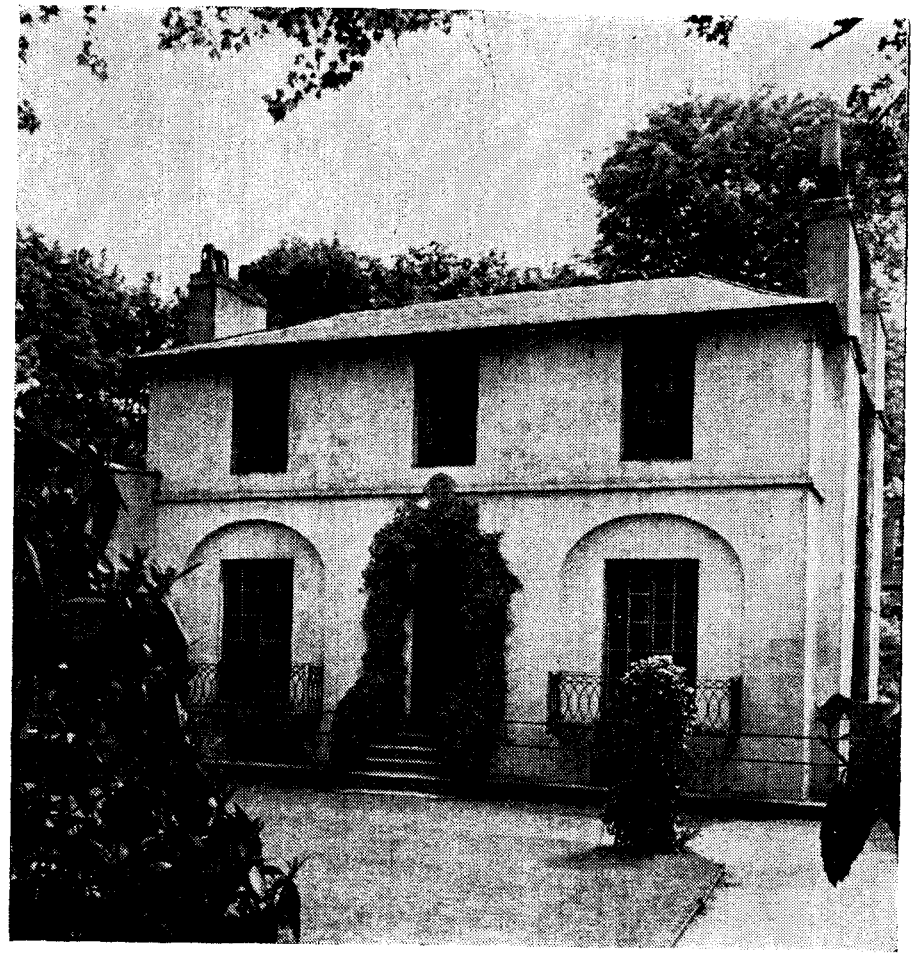
Of course, it is scarcely necessary for anyone to take snuff nowadays or to chew tobacco or roll one's own. The invention of the cigarette machine in 1884 put an end to all that. Ninety-five per cent of the crop goes into making more than 400 billion cigarettes. And I have it on the testimony of some people who worked it out that if all the 400 billion cigarettes were laid end to end around the equator, they would reach around the world 700 times.

To put it another way, there are enough cigarettes to provide every man, woman, and child in this country with 2,500 apiece every year, so why this maid had to chew snuff and bother about running up the stairs to her secluded spittoon I don't know. To provide all this tobacco is, as I have intimated, a perilous business that begins with the cultivation of seeds which are sown in beds and must be covered with cloth to prevent them from freezing. The seeds are so small it takes 442,970 to make an ounce, which is three tablespoonsful. Tobacco seed costs anywhere from $2 to $5 an ounce.

Tobacco plants are set in the field in April in some parts of Carolina and as late as June in the mountains. The leaves are picked as they become ripe, then hauled off in field sleds to be hung in barns and cured. Aside from the growers, a man who works in the tobacco business is called a tobacconist, and both types like to eat "barbecue," which is roasted meat served along with Brunswick stew, a concoction of chicken, corn, lima beans, stringbeans, old hamburger, and whatever else is handy. Some barbecue places decorate their tables with the flower of the tobacco plant. The Wilson baseball team, an affiliate of the Philadelphia Phillies, is known as the Tobs.

I think I ought to tell you, too, that what makes one cigarette taste different from another is the flavoring used in the blending process. Cigarettes these days come in eight delicious flavors: rum, glycerin, saccharine, maple sugar, brown sugar, apple honey, white honey, and alcohol. Although you may consider yourself an inveterate smoker, what you really may be is a lush. —Horace Sutton.

Literary Landmarks—IV



"Goodbye Fanny! God bless you."

WENTWORTH PLACE: Two years after his first poem, "To Solitude," was published by Leigh Hunt in *The Examiner,* in 1816, John Keats moved as a paying guest into this, then-new two-family house in Hampstead, a rural village on the edge of the Heath near London, famous for its healthy air. Hampstead was headquarters for Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Southey, and many other literary lights. The unpretentious but comfortable small house, now furnished much as it appeared in his time, was home to Keats for the last four of his twenty-five years; here, at the peak of his productive powers, he wrote "Hyperion," "Eve of St. Agnes," "To the Nightingale," "Lamia," and "To Autumn." The tree under which he wrote the "Ode to a Nightingale" on a May morning in 1819 has disappeared, but the cupboard in his sitting room, where he hid the manuscript on bits and pieces of paper (which were eventually rescued and preserved by a friend), remain as he knew them, and are filled with the same books he once owned. Over the mantel is a copy of his friend Severn's portrait of "Keats at Wentworth Place" which was painted in Rome in 1822.

In the owner's sitting room across the passage Keats was nursed in 1820 through his first illness on a "sopha bed" similar to the one now in place before the window, from which he could look out on young Fanny Brawne—who shared the house—walking in the garden. Many of Keats's letters to Fanny were written in this room. The most touching is addressed, nominally at least, to Mrs. Brawne—the last he sent from Rome to Wentworth Place: "I dare not fix my mind on Fanny. I have not dared to think of her. . . . Show her this. Yet you must not believe that I am so ill as this letter may look." It ends with the words: "Goodbye Fanny! God bless you."

—Nelson Lansdale.

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Ta raah, ta, ta, ta!

(the hero is coming)

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SUITE DE DANZAS, Pilar Lopez, Ballet Español **18003**

COPLAND: *BILLY THE KID*
SCHUMAN: *UNDERTOW*, Ballet Theatre Orchestra, Joseph Levine, conductor **8238**

STRAUSS-DESORMIERE: *LE BEAU DANUBE*
Orchestra of the Paris Opera, Manuel Rosenthal, conductor **18006**

STRAUSS: *DEATH AND TRANSFIGURATION*
TILL EULENSPIEGEL'S MERRY PRANKS
Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, conductor **8291**

GRIEG: *PEER GYNT SUITES*
IPPOLITOV-IVANOV: *CAUCASIAN SKETCHES*
Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra, Felix Slatkin, conductor **8329**

DELIBES: *SYLVIA SUITE, COPPELIA SUITE*
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CLASSICS

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Susannah" and the Youngers: Danish "Romeo"

CARLISLE FLOYD is a new name on the national music scene and one to mark for attention—at least until one sees what he does in succession to "Susannah," Erich Leinsdorf's first American novelty at the City Center. Produced originally at Florida State University (where the composer is a member of the faculty), "Susannah" fared more than well enough to justify Leinsdorf's faith in it. For a first effort in such a treacherous field as folk-opera it plays well, sings reasonably well, and holds the attention almost always.

Operatic composers are, of course, not born but made, and Floyd has shown himself to be aware of what comprise the best "makings" by also writing his own text. He has thus put himself on the side of Wagner, Charpentier in "Louise," Boïto in a number of works, and even Leoncavallo in "Pagliacci," not to mention the recent Menotti. What comes out is a better blend of word and note than is usually the case: true, they may fight the orchestra at some moments, but they rarely fight each other.

Floyd's tale of hypocrisy, bigotry, and violence in a Tennessee hill town takes its central situation from the Biblical account of Susannah and the Elders, embellishing it with some elements suggesting "Rain" at one extreme, "Tobacco Road" at another. His fundamental musical nature expresses itself most appealingly in the innocent aspect of Susannah's character, in the square-dance with which the action opens, in her two melodic vignettes (almost arias) about the natural beauty of her surroundings, and in the folksy interludes along the way. Gradually, as a climate of suspicion is created against her, when the "elders" have seen her bathing in accustomed nudity while searching for a "crick" in which to hold baptismal ceremonies, the requirement trends to the dramatic. In this sphere Floyd is less original and more derivative, but he keeps his action moving. Finally, it is the "youngers," particularly an evangelist who falls into the pit he has warned his flock about, who bring about the bitter ending . . . a bullet for the transgressor, bitter laughter and a barren future for the transgressed.

Where he is painting the background and following the primary phases of the tale Floyd's music has lilt and flow, suggesting folk materials if not actually based on them. What could be a scene of blazing fervor (a revival meeting in which the preacher wrestles for Susannah's spiritual being before settling for her physical one) comes to a climax rather through orchestral rhetoric than musical eloquence.

Considered vocally "Susannah" is, on the whole, more considerate than most contemporary operas. It is mostly tonal, the dissonances are occasional and purposeful, rather than constant and meaningless. At dramatic climaxes he is inclined to challenge the voice to be heard above the orchestra rather than clearing the way for it. Artifice of the sort can be learned only from experience, which only such a production can provide. The impression, in short, is of a man who has something to say if a deal to learn about saying it. In a time when the most learned have the least to say, this is a happy prognosis.

Phyllis Curtin, who played Susannah at its Florida premiere last year, is wholly suited to the role, accomplishing what is the best of her City Center endeavors. As well as singing the two well-constructed airs appealingly, she has the dramatic range to suggest Susannah's innocence and her bitterness when unjustly accused. Norman Treigle made something of a star performance of the Evangelist, framing his stalwart singing with a dramatic power suggestive of a youthful Raymond Massey. Jon Crain as the irresponsible brother who triggers the fatal situation and Eb Thomas in a nonsinging part of a susceptible "younger" contributed effectively to the total.

The City Center's revolving stage and projected scenery promoted fluidity in the ten scenes, with a permanent outline of a gabled roof and cross-beams to frame the action. The various locales were economically conveyed by Leo Kerz's scenery, and the "projections" worked well. In all, "Susannah" showed courage in a conviction by presenting a valid if not wholly expert work by a gifted newcomer to the musical stage. Anyone interested in the growth of a native repertory will find it worth a visit.

FREDERICK ASHTON as choreographer and Serge Prokofiev as composer are a combination to respect, as those who recall the Sadler's Wells "Cinderella" will attest. In the current staging for the Royal Danish Ballet of the evening-long "Romeo and Juliet" by the Russian master, Ashton has not had quite as much latitude, but he has responded with a work of much ingenuity, frequent beauty, and excellent stage craft. Utilizing the Danish capacity for mime and delineation, Ashton has told the familiar but always newly-tragic tale with clarity and a grateful absence of complication. An accomplishment of major stature, this leads, inevitably, to more spectacle and pantomime than to affecting dance.

Henning Kronstam, as Romeo, is a beautifully proportioned young man who executes Ashton's design with strength and balletic purpose. Emotion of the "Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo" order is quite another thing, as Hugh Laing's memorable effort in the Anthony Tudor treatment of Delius's music still recalls. And the gifted, good-looking Mona Vangsaa gave a likeable performance without providing the kind of intensity that Markova brought to her visualization of Juliet.

As a stage spectacle, the scenery and costumes of Peter Rice filled the Metropolitan stage handsomely, which was rather more than could be said for the company even at its most numerous. Such episodes as the ball at the Capulets and the later ensembles magnetized the eye with their rich blend of reds and blacks, the rising platforms at the rear adding a vertical dimension to the horizontal spread of the floor pictures. Johan Hye-Knudsen worked hard to make the score "sound," a condition not always fostered by his limited orchestra.

On the eve of its farewell performance, the Royal Danish Ballet got around to doing its excellent version of "Petrouchka," for one of only two performances in its current visit.

The version seen at the Met lacked a little of the distinction it had in Copenhagen, owing to the replacement of the versatile, skilful Margrethe Schanne as the Ballerina by the younger, less versatile Kirsten Ralov. The latter cannot resist projecting "personality" into the role of the female puppet, which has to weaken the total effect somewhat. Otherwise there were the same admirably assured efforts from Borge Ralov as Petrouchka, Svend Erik Jensen as the Moor, and Niels Bjorn Larsen as The Charlatan to make this —together with the ensemble—a "Petrouchka" to remember. Robert Zeller led the orchestra energetically, though the needed teamwork with the onstage effort was a little lacking.

For a final Bournonville "novelty" (dating from 1849) the penultimate evening also offered "Konservatoriet," a reminiscence of the choreographer's studies in Paris. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

BARTOK *Á LA* CHINESE TORTURE

A cubist portrait of Bartok (1934). —Bettmann Archive.

By JAN HOLCMAN

BELA BARTOK'S piano music is linked inseparably in my memory with an episode which took place in Tel-Aviv. The housing shortage made it almost impossible to find separate quarters. A writer friend of mine, who had just captured an apartment, invited me to celebrate his good fortune. Upon arrival, however, I found him in a slight state of hysteria. "I am undergoing Chinese tortures," he exclaimed. It was not necessary to ask him the cause of his unhappiness. Through the thin walls I heard the percussive sounds of a piano. "That is the most prominent pianist in Palestine, preparing for his recital," announced the writer. "He hammers out the same piece from eight in the morning to eight at night. I cannot think. I cannot write. Why was *I* destined for this Chinese torture? Tell me, at least," he concluded, "what is the name of this cacophony?"

"Bartok," I replied briefly.

It was only after the pianist's recital that I dared visit my friend again. This time no piano sound entered our conversation, but my host seemed as restless. "You know," he began timidly, "I actually got used to this strange music. In fact, I must confess . . . not only does it not annoy me any more, but I find it difficult to work without it. Would you know whether any Bartok records are available here?"

There were none, but the whole episode gave me something to think about. I remembered typical remarks made by incidental visitors at any exhibition of modern art. They argued whether a given stain was an ear or a breast. The same indefinite musical stains are found by the inexperienced audience in the modern compositions by Bartok, Stravinsky, or Schoenberg. Unlimited LP production speeds up the process of appreciation of this allegedly disorganized noise which at the present time is still a source of pleasure only to the initiated few. The recent flood of Bartok's recordings is therefore an important educational event which will provide much excitement at little cost. For to be initiated means more than to enjoy music, but to enjoy torture means even more than to be initiated.

Bartok's recorded piano literature has recently been expanded by four pianists—Geza Anda, Edith Farnadi, Andor Foldes, and Gyorgy Sandor—all of Hungarian descent. There are also some recordings made by Bartok himself which serve as a yardstick for the others. The only way to orient one's self in this sea of interpretative concepts is to compare pianist "A" with pianist "B," "B" with "C," "C" with "A," etc. Naturally, when artists are on *the same level* such comparison may cause controversies. It has frequently been noted in chess competitions that while participant "A" won over participant "B" and "B" over "C"—"C" nevertheless beat "A"! Each of them evidently had a different advantage. The same could be said of pianists whose artistic merits can be discussed only from a relative point of view. If we never heard a better pianist than Mark Hambourg, we might think he was excellent, but after Rachmaninoff. . . .

The point of view elected here for criticism is also a relative one, but rather objective in its relativity since I have listened to each of these recordings several times, in spite of momentary dizziness, and have tried to eliminate my *personal* preferences.

Bartok's recordings resurrect an old dilemma. How to interpret a given work to preserve the stylistic unity dictated by the character of the music? In Bartok's case the matter is still more complicated since he carefully annotated his works with metronome marks which he himself did not respect (Bartok's tempos are faster than he recommended, *e.g.*, the "Pillow Dance," marked ¼ = 120, is performed at 164!). Whom should we follow, Bartok the composer or Bartok the pianist?

His different performers have chosen different ways. Anda usually follows the example of Bartok-composer. Foldes and particularly Farnadi, in her increased tempos, seem to favor Bartok-interpreter, who has marked his "Bear Dance" 104-120 and performs it at 132. Foldes plays the same piece a bit slower and his execution is more accurate. In a few instances Anda uses tempos with considerable independence. In the "Lament" ("For Children"—II) marked 100 Anda used 58, while in the "Scherzando" marked 58, 104 suited him better. Sandor uses tempos with the intelligent reserve which is the natural consequence of his whole approach to the piano. In fact, he is the only one who plays slightly *slower* than is indicated by Bartok.

Two renditions of "Mikrokosmos" by Sandor and Farnadi represent a

Farnadi—"exceptional . . . delicate."

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BARTOK ON DISC

"For Children," vol. II; Geza Anda, piano; Angel 35246. $3.98.

"Mikrokosmos" (complete) in Three Volumes; Edith Farnadi, piano; Westminster XWN18182-4. $11.98.

Bartok's Piano Music; Edith Farnadi, piano; Westminster XWN 18217. $3.98.

The Piano Music of Bela Bartok in Four Volumes; Andor Foldes, piano; Decca DL 9801-4. $15.98.

"Mikrokosmos" (complete) in Three Volumes; Gyorgy Sandor, piano; Columbia ML 5082-4. $11.98.

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kaleidoscope of striking contrasts. Bartok's "Mikrokosmos" is an intensive school of piano exercises containing all his creative ideas in miniature. Besides their pedagogical aims, these exercises may also serve as a key to Bartok's extensive literature. From the musical standpoint, the elementary studies are more difficult than the advanced ones, since their primitive monotony exacts a more revealing conception.

Sandor's moderate tempos and his convincing *marcato* touch add meaning to some standard exercises, while his skilful pedaling brings out their hidden artistic value. Occasionally he uses his finger technique for acoustical nuances (Exercise No. 144). His perfect sense of rhythm and well-controlled repeated notes give a decisive character to his performance (No. 149). By contrast with Sandor, Farnadi's touch is milder but her tempos more violent. Her *scherzandos* are faster and lighter than Sandor's. Sometimes her too impetuous tempos interfere with details (No. 135). Her impulsiveness prevents her from carrying out her artistic ideas to completion. Yet her *pianissimos* are exceptional (No. 128, 134), her tone delicate (No. 128, 144), and her modest but diversified dynamics excellent (No. 131).

An interesting example of two successful interpretations is the No. 142 called "From the Diary of a Fly." In this fascinating work, which resembles Bartok's "Night Music," Sandor evokes suggestive sound effects. Farnadi's fly is much livelier and probably more annoying. This is one more illustration that two different and at the same time convincing interpretations can coexist. Mr. Foldes's exquisite version is the third.

Miss Farnadi is not always at her best. Her impressive *staccatos* in Suite Op. 14 (*scherzo*) are of a better quality than her weak *unisonos* in "Three Burlesques" (*presto*) where the artist let herself be carried away by her temperament. Temperament is useful only when the pianist has sufficient technical means to cover his or her exuberant tempos. Elsewhere she plays with accuracy and imagination.

The two recorded versions of "For Children" (Book II) allow us to compare the pianism of Anda with that of Foldes. Foldes, less impetuous than Farnadi, is however more vital and dynamic than Anda, who in turn impresses us with his composure, fresh approach, and refined artistic taste. Well balanced rhythm (No. 8), contemplative quality (No. 14, 34), declamatory tone (No. 16, 38), sound effects of a distant echo (26, "Peasant's Flute") prove Anda's splendid abilities.

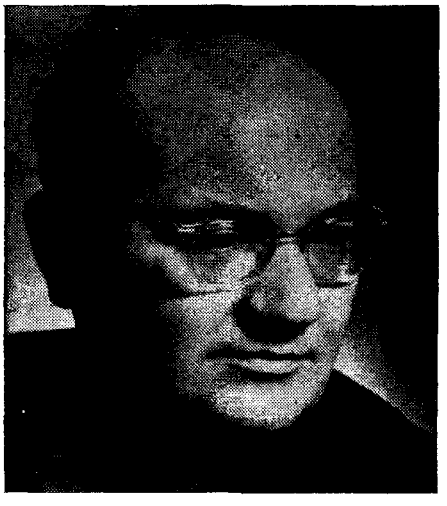
Foldes's expressive version of the "Peasant's Flute," although differing from Anda's, contains features that are equally valuable. In numbers 36-7, both Anda and Foldes display a piquant sense of rhythm. Here differences are not significant.

Foldes's rendition of "With Drums and Pipes" ("Out of Doors") exhibits his coordinated motor-technique. The wide range of contrasts permits him to adapt his touch to a given composition. Among others, his charming versions of "Evening with the Szeklers" ("Ten Easy Pieces") and "Swineherd's Dance" ("For Children"—I) confirm his extraordinary interpretative and pianistic qualities.

As to the fidelity of these recordings: Anda and Sandor, very good. Farnadi: only good. Foldes: satisfactory. Let us hope that the few clicks heard on Farnadi's record ("Mikrokosmos," No. 150) are to be found only on my copy. A good phonograph with the proper pickup and equalization would reduce some metallic sounds and improve their reproduction.

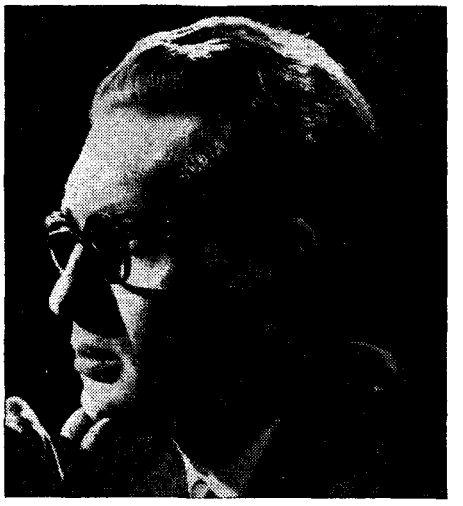
Anda's record, made in England, is elegantly produced and contains useful musical samples on the cover to identify individual pieces. It also gives the exact playing-time of every work. This could be of service to broadcasting stations if not for the fact that the "accurate timing" reveals surprising inaccuracies. To mention only a few: No. 25, *scherzando*, does not last forty-five seconds as indicated but only twenty-six; No. 2 not forty-three but fifty-two; No. 29 not fifty-two but forty-three.

If one could combine the moderate tempos of Sandor with the musicality of Foldes, the touch of Farnadi, and the taste of Anda we would undoubtedly have a *transcendental* performance. Separately, we have four *merely excellent* performances differing from each other and valuable for different reasons. All recordings—Anda, Farnadi, Foldes, and Sandor, as well as the Bartok—are highly recommended (preferably together) for educational and esthetic purposes. They will help to develop the listener's appreciation of so-called "modern music" and transform Chinese torture into a novel musical experience.



Foldes—"vital and dynamic."

Sandor—"intelligent reserve."



Anda—"splendid abilities."

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ANIMAL TALES TOLD IN THE GULLAH DIALECT

—Gottscho—Schleisner.

An old Gullah woman—"a happy-go-lucky land."

By HERMES NYE, *president of Texas Folklore Society.*

AMONG American dialects, Gullah of the Carolina Low Country and the Sea Islands is one of the most colorful. You can still hear it spoken, but probably not for long: the automobile, radio, TV, and the draft of two world wars has pretty well bulldozed it out. But the late Albert H. Stoddard was born and raised on Daufuskie Island among the Negroes, and his three LPs for the Library of Congress have saved for us some good odd lots and broken sizes of this incredible tongue.*

The word Gullah, which means not only the dialect but those Negroes who speak it, is likely from the Gola tribe of West Africa. The Golas, a rugged lot generally, were nevertheless thrown into the barracoons and brought over to hoe and tend the indigo, rice, and cotton crops of the South and West Indies. Their efforts to speak and understand the English of the "redemptioners" and Cockney overseers gave us the dialect.

*AAFS L44-46, Library of Congress, $1.50 each.

As Lorenzo Turner of Roosevelt College has pointed out to the American Dialect Society, if you are going seriously into Gullah you had better be prepared. Offhand, you will need a nodding acquaintance with Bantu, to say nothing of *its* dialects such as Wolof, Twi, Efik, and Ibibio. (I will confess right here that my Wolof is pretty rusty.) You will need to know the Gullahs as a friend and not as an investigator. The word Gullah may also mean a low-down character of uncouth speech, and you will find it hard to get anybody to admit he speaks it. The late John Lomax told me of a similar road block he met, in persuading Negro college kids he met to sing or even admit that they knew any spirituals.

You should realize that most of the Gullahs came over direct from Africa and not through the West Indies. This, and the derivation of the word Gullah, has been the occasion for much genteel skirmishing among the pundits. You will need, although Mr. (is it Dr.?) Turner does not say so, a familiarity with the outlook and technique of the dialectician, non-political variety.

You do not, however, need either Bantu or a deftness with bilabial fricatives to savor the charm of the dialect or of the stories themselves in these records. You find yourself at once in a happy-go-lucky land where the same word stands for both singular and plural, or for masculine, feminine or neuter; where verb forms do not change for singular or plural nouns; where nouns have the same form in all cases: a land of inverted word order; where, for example, "E shum" can mean He sees her—She saw him—It has seen them. Such titles as "Sneak in E Buzzom" ("Snake in His Bosom") and "Buh Rabbit Fools B'Oliphaum" ("Brother Elephant"), and such phrases as "day-clean" (broad daylight) and "for trew" (truly), let us know what we are in for.

BUH Rabbit is the Loki, or Ulysses of most of the stories; the eternal con man, he is weak but clever, suave rather than wise, the hunted turned hunter with his wits. His straight man, or "mark," is usually the wolf (later on, in Uncle Remus times, he became the fox; earlier, in Africa, he was the leopard). This unlucky antagonist, whoever he is, usually comes well-fanged, bigger, and tougher than Buh Rabbit, but what happens to him shouldn't happen to a sneak. The white man does not appear; he does not have to. He is there all the time, and his name as you might guess, is Buh Wolf. The hare, as you might expect, is found reigning as the culture god of the Bantus, just as Anansi the Spider is that of the Gold Coast, and the turtle (Buh Cooter) that of the Bahamas. Hundreds of Gullah words are no longer current, but a few have survived, such as voodoo, yam, and goober (peanut); and a little cockney peeps out now and then in werry and wegetable.

Without much strain you can understand all the words in these discs although it is sorrow to report that every now and then Buh Stoddard E Stammuh and Go Up in E Lines. The recording and pressing are both done well Perhaps for such a second-hand rendering as this, the folklore purists will want to drum Mr. Stoddard out of the regiment; "Jim Crack Corn," they argue, ought to be done by Burl Ives and guitar, not by Richard Tucker and the Philharmonic. (A similar project to this was attempted in 1920 by Samuel G. Stoney of South Carolina, for Columbia University, probably with about the same results.)

Be that as it may, Mr. Stoddard has done fine work not only for the folklorists and the dialect people, but also for everybody who likes to hear a good story well told.

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MUNICH MARKS TIME

Festival Without Festhaus

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

IN THE center of the busy, bustling city of Munich a large banner on top of the noble ruins of the former opera house says "OUR OPERA MUST BE REBUILT BY 1958!" In 1958 the city of Munich, founded in 1158, will celebrate its 800th anniversary. What finer gift could the citizens give to one another than a rebuilt opera house?

But it is certain that the new opera house will not be ready by 1958. Reconstruction hasn't even started yet. Last year Hamburg and East Berlin reopened their reconstructed opera houses; even West Berlin, short of the funds, and cut off from the prosperity in Western Germany, has now started to rebuild its *Staedtische Oper*. And in the music-minded city of Munich, where Richard Wagner, Hermann Levi, Felix Mottl, Arthur Nikisch, Richard Strauss, and Bruno Walter spent long years of their lives, today pedestrians have to make a detour around the scaffold screening off the ruined opera house in Maximilian Street. And no work goes on behind the scaffold.

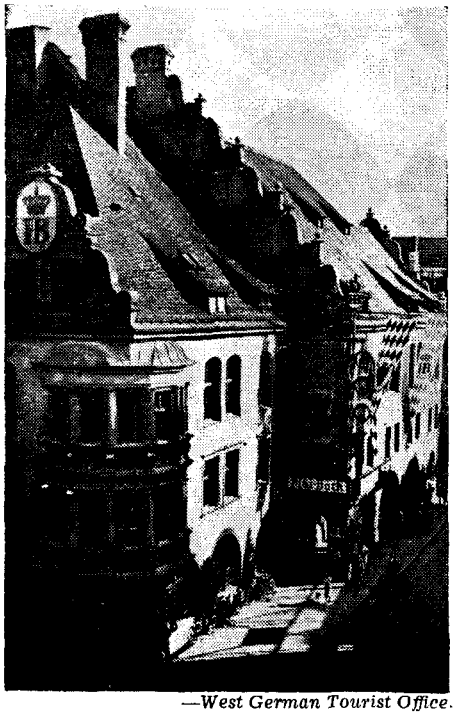
The truth is that Munich lost its musical patronage when the monarchy came to an untimely end. In Bavaria it was never the bourgeoisie, always the nobility that supported music and opera. Richard Wagner wouldn't have been able to build his *Festspielhaus* in Bayreuth without a loan of 100,000 talers from Bavaria's King Ludwig II, which Wagner later repaid. Now the kings are gone and the burghers, more prosperous than ever, are in no mood to spend money on a new opera house. In Hamburg and in the Rhineland it is the captains of industry and the merchant princes who put up vast sums of money for culture; in Munich, which has neither heavy industry nor large merchandising concerns, no one comes forward. Local politicians are angry because the reconstruction of the small *Residenztheater*, which was budgeted at 5,000,000 marks, cost $12,000,000. The reconstruction of the Opera, which will cost between 40 and 50,000,000 marks. This is too hot an issue in a country that spends much money on refugees and other unpopular issues. Several hundred thousand marks have been scraped together through some lotteries but the money has already been spent for emergency repairs and other unproductive expenses. The rebuilding will be difficult because the historical walls still stand—one-meter thick—and because there is no space for a side stage or large back-stage, which are necessary for a modern house.

Ten years ago when the Viennese began to talk about rebuilding their bombed-out *Staatsoper* they did something about it; fruit-peddlers, streetcar conductors, and charwomen contributed single schillings, and ultimately the Government was under pressure to put up millions. There is no such pressure in Munich, where everybody seems to have money for *Weisswurst* and beer and for an afternoon at the *Oktoberwiesen*. People just don't care.

And so the *Bayerische Staatsoper*, one of Germany's finest ensembles, performs nightly at the Prinzregenten Theater. The auditorium is ugly, the seats are uncomfortable, the stage has no depth, the hall has bad acoustics. From certain seats one sees the coloratura but doesn't hear her voice, which is deplorable when she happens to be Erika Köth singing the aria of Zerbinetta in "Ariadne auf Naxos." The orchestra is first-rate, especially the brass and woodwinds, the chorus is reliable, the soloists among the best in Germany, and there is Hans Knappertsbusch, the grand old man among Germany's conductors today. Ferenc Fricsay is the new *Generalmusikdirektor*.

Every year from the middle of August to the middle of September the Munich Festival, though less advertised than the well-publicized enterprises in nearby Bayreuth and Salzburg, offers considerably more musical variety. This year there were five Mozart operas ("Così," "Entführung," "Figaro," "Idomeneo," "Magic Flute"), eight Richard Strauss works ("Die aegyptische Helena," "Arabella," "Ariadne," "Capriccio," "Elektra," "Frau ohne Schatten," "Rosenkavalier," "Salome"), Wagner's "Lohengrin" and "Meistersinger" and Handel's "Julius Caesar," a Strauss concert and two ballet nights—quite a program! Knappertsbusch conducted beautiful performances of "Meistersinger," "Lohengrin," "Rosenkavalier," and a somewhat dragging "Magic Flute." Joseph Keilberth, a sensitive musician, conducted a spirited new production of "Die aegyptische Helena," with Leonie Rysanek in the title role—not the finest Strauss perhaps, but exciting, luscious, imaginative music, beautifully orchestrated, lyrical and dramatic. Robert Heger conducted Strauss's "Capriccio," which the old master wrote at the end of his life when he attained once more—as Verdi did in "Falstaff"—his greatest skill and clearest style. There were exciting performances of "Frau ohne Schatten," "Elektra" (with Christl Goltz, Jean Madeira, Hans Hotter, under Karl Böhm), and a near-perfect production of Handel's "Julius Caesar," beautifully staged by Rudolf Hartmann, Munich's *Staatsintendant*, and impeccably conducted by Eugen Jochum.

Munich's audiences are solemn and serious but they also have their sense of humor, somewhat on the broad side. In Munich's "Rosenkavalier Baron" Ochs obviously prefers *Bockbier* to a *Hypocras mit Ingwer*. They love opera and applaud enthusiastically and noisily, if not always at the right moment. They have a first-rate summer festival now, one of the best in Europe. And someday, let's hope, they will have a new opera house.



—*West German Tourist Office.*

"In Munich no one comes forward."

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Recordings Reports: Jazz on LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
Brubeck Plays Brubeck. Columbia CL 878, $3.98.	Dave Brubeck in nine rather charming solo interpretations of his own materials. There is, though, a feeling of gentle disarray here: Debussy, Bach, Waller, Ellis Larkins are all in evidence, but there doesn't seem to be any binding characteristic—of technique, approach, or result—other than a continual and harmless sunniness.
All The Cats Join In: A Buck Clayton Jam Session. Columbia CL 882, $3.98.	George Avakian's fifth Clayton jam session (a misnomer, really, for all of these records have been far more coherent and suave than any jam session) consists of five standards made during the past three years at three different sessions, and, as might be suspected, it is—despite pleasant moments from B. Tate, J. Newman, C. Hawkins, and R. Braff—the most uneven of the lot. Also included among the twenty-five or so musicians on hand are J. C. Higginbotham, T. Glenn, Jo Jones, B. Butterfield, K. Kersey, and for one number, Jimmy Rushing.
Pretty Wild: Wild Bill Davison with Strings. Columbia CL 871, $3.98.	For fifteen years Wild Bill Davison has been one of the most consistent and exciting of the Chicago-associated dixieland musicians, and, as a result, has carried more weight than is generally allowed him (Ruby Braff, for one). He is a driving lead man, and, though limited technically, a soloist of great imagination. At least some of that comes out here as Davison, shooing a string section before him, wowzles and coaxes his way through twelve standards. Recommended.
Friedrich Gulda at Birdland. Victor LPM 1355, $3.98.	Gulda's recording debut as a jazz pianist reveals him as a jazz composer with a pleasant, almost humorous, feel for melody and as a pianist who, if somewhat flamboyant and erratic, can ("Dodo" and "Bernie's Tune") drive a hard nail. His arrangements, however, are watery, and the excellent sidemen present (J. Cleveland, I. Sulieman, P. Woods, S. Powell, A. Bell, N. Stabulas) seem conscious of it. Six originals by Gulda and two standards.
Lionel Hampton and His Giants. Norgran MG N-1080, $3.98.	Jam for breakfast, featuring Art Tatum, Harry Edison, B. Kessel, R. Callender, J. Simmons, and B. Rich in five standards that rise to some sort of urgency and meaning only during Edison's muted work and all of Tatum's solos.
The Hawk in Hi Fi: Coleman Hawkins with Billy Byers and His Orchestra. Victor LPM 1281, $3.98.	Coleman Hawkins dressed, as if for a Masque, in woodwinds, strings, brass, saxophones, trombones, and rhythm, all of which has been rather flatly arranged by Billy Byers. There are eight standards and four Hawkins originals, and, in spite of all the ruffage, the Bean is, perhaps, in the best form he has been in on records in many years.
Jackpot! Woody Herman and the Las Vegas Herd. Capitol T 748, $3.98.	This is the group that Herman has had for a good part of the past year (R. Kamuca, J. Coppola, R. Collins, C. Touff, N. Pockrandt, M. Budwig, C. Flores) and it reflects the same brand of vigor and unpretentiousness that has been a part of almost all of his recordings in the last ten years. The solos are good, the structures (semi-Basie) simple and polished, and the materials acceptable (five standards and three originals). Recommended.
Solo Scene: Lou Levy. Victor LPM 1267, $3.98.	Lou Levy is a twenty-eight-year old modern pianist who has long been a dependable, skilled, and much admired soloist and sideman. Here, curiously enough, he drops all of his old delicacy and simplicity and plunges through eleven standards as if he were Art Tatum playing cocktail intermission piano for an audience of Bud Powell, Herbie Nichols, and Thelonius Monk. A puzzling performance.
Pithecanthropus Erectus: The Charlie Mingus Jazz Workhop. Atlantic 1237, $3.98.	Charlie Mingus, the great bassist, as a kind of Dadaist. Mingus has for many years been experimenting, in his brusque way, with extended forms, fresh harmonies, and methods of giving jazz additional dimensions. He has not always been successful, but his work has invariably presented a humor, vitality, and studied recklessness that are, at the very least, provocative. Here, in company with Jackie MacLean, J. R. Monterose, Mal Waldron, and Willie Jones, he offers three of his compositions and a standard, bedecked with his own inventions. This last, as well as the album title piece and a thing called "Portrait of Jackie" are semi-programmatic works. "A Foggy Day in London" is full of police whistles, simulated honks, fog horns, and the scrape of a ferry boat docking; the cacophony, at times, is dreadful. But much of what he has done is funny and it works. "Pith. Erectus," which Mingus calls a "jazz tone poem," depicts, in four movements (ABAC) the rise and fall of modern man, and again there are night noises and slashing dissonances, but there is also a haunting basic melody and much feeling. "Love Chant," the final piece, is a serious exploration of extended forms—in this case, long notes played against a highly selective chordal structure—that is sombre, complex, initially unpleasant to the ear, and challenging. The musicianship throughout is impeccable and Mingus' notes on his music, are, for the most part, clear. One wonders, though, if such semi-realistic music—as much of this is—does not deny the very purpose of music. Highly recommended.
Tonite's Music Today. Storyville STLP 907, $3.98	An invigorating course in five-part invention (Zoot Sims, Bob Brookmeyer, Hank Jones, Wyatt Reuther, Gus Johnson) that is full of intelligent solos, bounce, and a healthy professionalism. Six standards and two originals, including a blues on which Sims sings, as it were.
The Drum Suite. Victor LPM-1279, $3.98.	This cumbrous curiosity is constructed of six different pieces—three by Ernie Wilkins and three by Manny Albam—which feature all at once, in written parts and short solos (eight bars is the longest) four drummers: Teddy Sommers, Gus Johnson, Don Lamond, and Osie Johnson. Sometimes they all play together, producing a sound not unlike Napoleon entering Moscow, and again they solo on cymbals, with sticks on tom-toms, and with wire brushes. The frameworks that Wilkins and Albam have conceived are busier than they are inspiring and there are solos sandwiched in, here and there, by A. Cohn, J. Newman, C. Candoli, J. Cleveland and H. McKusick. The value of the album is that it demonstrates all too well the sterile state that much modern jazz drumming has fallen into since the departure of thinking individualists like Catlett and Tough. For, aside from timbre and certain minor stylistic matters, all four drummers might well be one. John Wilson's attempt to program all of the various solos is, though slightly incomplete, valiant. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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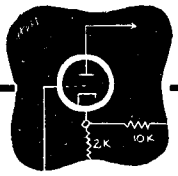

HIGHS AND LOWS

Test Records—II

ANOTHER useful test, found on a number of test records, is a steady 2,000- or 3,000-cycle-per-second tone that allows you to listen for flutter and wow, derived from minute changes in the speed of your turntable. The ear is very sensitive to changes in pitch in this range of frequencies, and of course any change in turntable speed means a corresponding change in pitch. Wow, a slow pitch change, is evident as that "over-the-waves" effect; whereas flutter may be a troubling sensation of rapid pitch wavering or, if the flutter repeats at a very high frequency, a roughness of tone.

Here, however, more caveats must be inserted. A great deal, probably most, of the wow that afflicts the reproduction of disc recordings is caused by off-center holes in the discs rather than by deficiencies in turntable drives. Watch your pickup closely from directly above, preferably with some object such as a pencil lined up with the pickup head and held against a firm position on the cabinet. The point is to discover any swinging back and forth of the pickup in the lateral plane as the record revolves. A swinging pickup means an off-center or swinging record, which will inevitably produce more or less wow. A corollary to this is that you must make sure your test record is not itself a swinger before you trust it to tell you about the wow level of your turntable. And a further cause of wow in the recordings is a badly warped record which causes the pickup to move up and down sharply.

The man handy with tools can usually make a record with an eccentric hole play correctly by making the center hole slightly larger with a round file. The record is then put on the revolving turntable and tapped gently on the edge that swings out until all evidence of lateral pickup motion is eliminated.

Another useful test-record device is the "quiet groove," a section of groove without any sound recorded in it, which can be used to give you an aural sample of the rumble your turntable produces. Many of the test records include such a groove. The Components Corporation is marketing a seven-inch record devoted entirely to "quiet groove," made on a cutting machine of extremely low rumble.

The first move in using a quiet groove is to set the volume control at a medium level. Remember that if you advance the volume and bass controls far enough you will be likely to hear rumble from *any* turntable, including the best there is. The objective of the test is to find out how loud turntable rumble is at the volume levels you will use in listening to recordings. So first put on a familiar recording and turn up the control to a little beyond the loudest point you would ever use in listening, and leave it there throughout the test. Set the bass control well toward "boost." Then put the quiet-groove record on and put the stylus in the groove, first with the table standing still. Any noise you hear now is from vibration coming through the floor to the phonograph cabinet, from heavy machinery in your house or in the neighborhood. Turn on the motor. The *increase* in low, heavy rumbling noise will represent the maximum turntable rumble you would have to contend with in listening to recordings. If it is just barely audible, far below even pianissimo levels on the recordings, you have a splendid turntable drive.

This does not exhaust by any means the resources of the test records, but it covers most of those that the amateur can use without spending most of his time struggling out of booby traps or, more likely, floundering in a trap without being aware of the fact.

—R. S. LANIER.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 694

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 694 will be found in the next issue

ABC DECFA FPKFXAFDC

HQ F BHACY RJ ABFA RA'J

F ECQWDC QEHI BHIC YRQC.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 693

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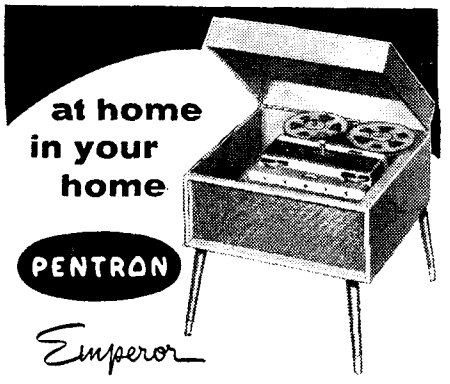

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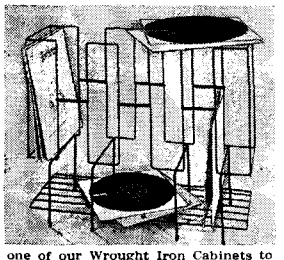

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AFN AT WORK

By WALTER SHEPPARD

STIMULATED by the Recordings Editor's adventures with a portable radio in Scandanavia and his remarks about the American—no longer "Armed"—Forces Network and Radio Moscow's English-language broadcasts of American popular music [*SR* July 28], I have recalled some experiences of my own as chief of the Music Production Department at AFN for the better part of two years of Army service which ended in August.

The American Forces Network was formed in wartime London after Generals Eisenhower and Marshall conferred on the need for an organization which would furnish American entertainment and up-to-date world news to the U.S. forces in Britain and provide a means for the Commanding General to communicate with his entire command simultaneously. Radio offered the solution to the problem, and the groundwork was begun. The BBC waived its monopolistic rights on radio broadcasting in Great Britain and provided studio space and some of the early programs. The Government graciously freed the embryo network from local laws governing performing rights and excise taxes. U.S. Signal Corps technicians installed low-powered transmitters in areas of heavy troop concentration.

At 6 p.m., July 4, 1943, AFN came to life. It has been in continuous operation ever since. When D-Day approached AFN joined with the BBC and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation to form the Allied Expeditionary Forces Programs. The combined operation beamed programs from the three networks to the Normandy beaches, and AFN mobile units followed the invading forces across the Channel and the face of Europe. AFN stations were set up in Paris (in the residence of Emperor Napoleon III), Nice, Marseilles, Rheims (in the Polignacs' castle above thousands of bottles of Pommery champagne), LeHavre, Cannes, and Biarritz.

The network presently consists of six studio installations (in Frankfurt, Berlin, Bremerhaven, Kaiserslautern, Munich, and Stuttgart) and a number of repeater transmitters operating off the main ones. In power, it is one of the world's most powerful networks, since the United States regulation limiting medium-wave stations to a maximum power of 50,000 watts does not apply. The Frankfurt station, with studios in a fourteenth-century castle in the suburb of Höchst, is the key station and is the originating point for the majority of network (as opposed to local) programs.

Except for the absence of commercials and the presence of military phraseology, the six AFN stations sound much like the affiliates of the major United States networks, with local programs (mostly area news and sports and the disc jockey programs) interspersing the network offerings.

Most of the network programs come from home, usually from the major networks. They supply selected programs to the Armed Forces Radio and Television Service, AFN's parent organization in Los Angeles. AFRTS edits out the commercials and processes them onto standard sixteen-inch broadcast transcriptions for shipment to outlets all over the world (AFN, the Far East Network, individual stations in various isolated bases, and service hospitals). Music transcriptions are processed from the record companies in a similar manner. The only drawback is the time factor: the programs reach Frankfurt from four to six months after they were originally aired at home. Since AFRTS processes special shipments for the major seasonal holidays, this delay seldom matters, although it was odd to hear Dorothy Kilgallen talking about her coming visit to Monaco for several weeks after the wedding was over. Programs of special current interest—addresses by the President, the political conventions, the World Series—are transmitted almost at once via short wave by AFRTS and re-broadcast by AFN on the regular medium-wave band.

AFN's program director is thus in a position that most of his counterparts

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here would envy: he has the pick of the best programs from our four national networks plus what his own staff creates; he has no competition; and he has no sponsors or ratings to bedevil him. The Network's program schedule, from the Americans' viewpoint anyway, should be the best in the world. Judgment of whether or not it is would better be left to someone less close to it than I have been.

AFN is operated by the Army's European Information and Education Division with the co-operation of the other services to bring, in the official phrase, "information, education, and entertainment" to the American forces and their dependents in Europe. However, the Network has a large audience of eavesdroppers, that is the nationals of the various countries within range of its transmitters (as far away as Northern Ireland, Norway, and North Africa). I do not have any official figures, but approximately half of the mail received by the disc jockeys during the time I was there came from these eavesdroppers. In a poll conducted by a British radio magazine, an AFN announcer was selected as the British public's favorite disc jockey. The present high enthusiasm in Europe for all types of jazz has been credited directly to the presence and activity of AFN in this sphere by several observers of the European jazz scene.

Something over 50 per cent of the Network's weekly schedule is devoted to music programs of various types, the preponderance being popular music. Although they draw most of the eavesdropping audience, it is not just music programs that attract European listeners. AFN programs have had their effect on the native broadcast services, too: the West German television network has a program, "*Was bin ich?*" in the pattern of "What's My Line?" and one of the German radio stations has its own version of "Dragnet" with a character named Josef Freitag.

THERE has been no conscious effort to attract European listeners to AFN, but its popularity has forced European radio magazines to print the weekly program schedule and feature articles on its programs, personalities, and operations. In his article, Irving Kolodin pointed out the Europeans' eager appetite for our popular music and suggested that AFN be given a directive to attract the Radio Moscow audience for American music. I believe that such a directive would be a mistake. AFN would then be labeled as a propaganda instrument, an onerous label in European minds. I am convinced that AFN is the most effective broadcast propaganda for the United States in Western Europe today for the very

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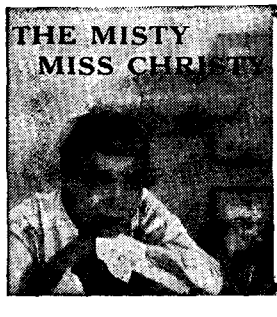

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reason that it is not conscious propaganda.

As unconscious propaganda it does very well indeed. Europeans tend to listen to it with the attitude, "I know that the Voice of America is propaganda trying to sell the United States to me, but AFN is not trying to sell me anything. It is here to entertain the U.S. forces with what they are used to at home. It represents the real United States."

The Europeans I talked with liked what they heard (with, perhaps, some reservations about "stickbuddy"—country and Western—music) and liked the impression given of the United States and our way of life. It is reflected in the young and enthusiastic voices of the Army, Air Force, and Navy announcers. It is reflected in the precision of program timing (as opposed to the European method which leaves listeners wondering when the program they want is going to start). It is reflected in the AFN newscasts, which greatly impress Europeans with our readiness to report all of the news, even items that do not show the United States in the best light (some of the recent incidents between GIs and Germans, for instance). In addition to the American popular songs and jazz that they love so well, some of the eavesdroppers are a bit surprised to hear daily concert programs—including works of contemporary American and European composers as well as more familiar fare—presented with relish and knowledge by an American soldier.

Occasionally the eavesdroppers hear things like Norman Corwin's Bill of Rights drama "We Hold These Truths," which was most recently broadcast on July 4 in the hope of provoking some thought in the celebrating Americans. The program on which Mr. Corwin's play was presented began with a bright flash of music, followed by the quiet and (to AFN listeners) familiar voice of Pfc. Nick Clooney saying "The next hour on AFN is reserved for Americans. If some of our friends and neighbors want to listen with us, we welcome them, too. But remember, whoever you are, no one is going to force you to listen if you don't want to." The script for the program was not written for the European audience, but only with an awareness that some could be expected, the more so since the program went on at the time normally occupied by disc jockey Martin Block. The idea for the opening, in fact, came from another of Mr. Corwin's radio plays, "Between Americans." By continuing just as it has in the past, AFN will go on making friends for the United States until the American forces leave Europe.

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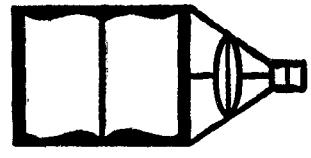

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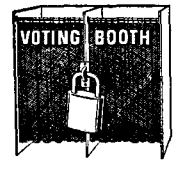

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Foreign Relations

Continued from page 11

that of a dramatist, in the creation of the character of "the little tramp." This character is a product of American culture like, say, Huckleberry Finn. The little tramp, in fact, has a symbolic significance which is essentially Christian. He represents the poor, the downtrodden, and the bewildered who in some respects shall be elevated above the mighty. He also represents something in all of us, the little man trying to survive in a world that is too large, too complicated, and too terrible for him. He represents, above all, the ultimate triumph of the individual over society, over the state. All the Chaplin films used to end with something like a moment of apotheosis. The big cops and robbers were frustrated and the little tramp marched away down the road into the sunset.

All over the world Charlie Chaplin was regarded as one of the great contributions of American culture. (Though he was technically an Englishman, he had been living in this country for over forty years.) He did much to redeem the bad name that Hollywood often gave us otherwise.

Two days after Charlie Chaplin sailed for Europe the chief law-enforcement officer of the United States, the Attorney General, issued a brief and gratuitous statement to the press. In it he said that he had instructed the immigration authorities to stop Mr. Chaplin if he attempted to reenter this country, and to hold him for investigation of his political beliefs and associations to determine whether he was fit to be admitted and to live among us at all—even though he had lived among us for over forty years already.

What were the charges against Mr. Chaplin? To this day we do not know. When the newspaper reporters asked what they were our Justice Department replied that to reveal them would tip off Mr. Chaplin. In other words, if he knew in advance what the charges were he would be able to prepare a defense. Therefore the information could not be given out.

The one valid reason that might have been advanced for not revealing the charges would have been a reason for not issuing a statement at all. This is that an agency of justice dare not damage a man's good name by making public charges against him in advance of legitimate investigation or court proceedings. This, however, was far from being a consideration with the Attorney General. He told the press that, if assertions about Mr. Chaplin are true, "he is in my judgment an unsavory character." To this he added: "He has been publicly charged with being a member of the Communist Party, and with grave moral charges, and with making statements that would indicate a leering, sneering attitude toward a country whose hospitality has enriched him." The fact that Mr. Chaplin had been accused was apparently enough. The Attorney General did not mention that Mr. Chaplin had categorically denied being a Communist, or that he had been tried and acquitted on the morals charge.

When the California Department of the American Legion awarded the Attorney General a plaque in appreciation of his action, he stated that the burden of proof would be on Mr. Chaplin when and if he should raise the question of re-entry. Mr. Chaplin could not be allowed to know the charges against him in advance, but the burden of proving them false would be on him. It is easy to understand why he decided not to attempt a return to our country.

The violation by our Government of those principles of justice on which our country was founded was hardly noticed by our press and public. There was a good deal of approval and only a few protests. The rest of the world was more shocked, seeing the little tramp, in real life now, being chased by the bullying policeman. When Mr. Chaplin arrived in Europe as a full-fledged political refugee from America he found the streets packed with his admirers and sympathizers wherever he went, and he was honored by the governments in what were taken to be expressions of protest against his persecution. Queen Elizabeth II was photographed with him in London. It was precisely like the triumph of the little tramp at the end of any Charlie Chaplin movie.

It makes no difference to the point of this history whether Charlie Chaplin is a treasonable scoundrel or an upright man. In the eyes of a large part of the world Charlie, the little tramp, appeared as a political refugee escaping to the free world from political persecution by a bullying Minister of Internal Security in America.

THE transformation in the image of the United States abroad which this kind of thing caused was accelerated in the following two years. After the new Administration took power in January 1953 our American security police went all over Europe, Asia, and Latin America asking natives to give them derogatory information on the American diplomats in their midst. One way or another, the name of the United States was touched with scan-

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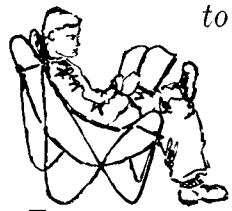

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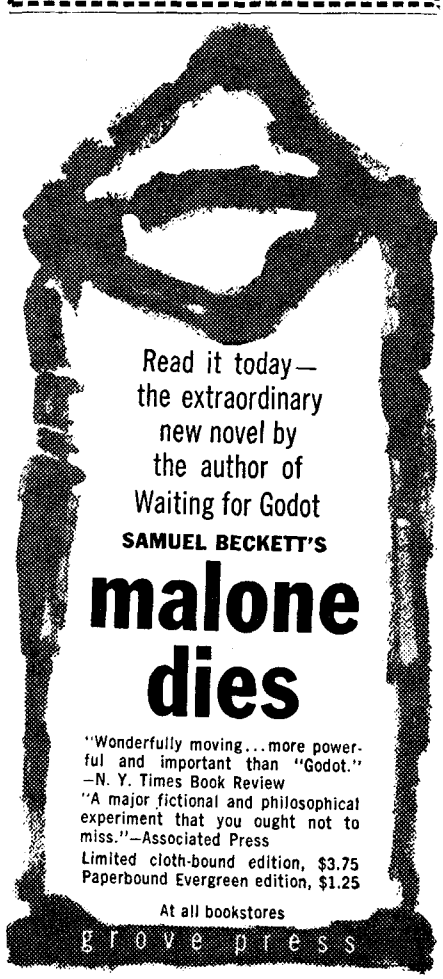

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dal throughout the world. And some people in the free world whose acceptance of our leadership we wanted came to look upon us as no better than the Soviet Union.

As was the case after our American Revolution, after 1793, after 1798, after the Thaddeus Stevens usurpation, and after World War I, the tide of intolerance has receded and the popular panic which caused it has died down. All the little accusers of their neighbors, having had their day, are disappearing again into the woodwork.

But much of the evil remains. Today the enforcement of conformity has at last become a matter of established procedure with our Government. A substantial portion of our population, outside the Government, as well as in, cannot find employment unless it establishes a degree of intellectual orthodoxy. A man has to prove that he has had no unacceptable opinions or associations before he can be appointed to advise on the programs of concerts at the Library of Congress. We have been getting used to this sort of thing and will, with time, come to regard it as normal. However, other peoples who have dedicated themselves to freedom on the basis of our early example, and who have not followed us down this path, do not regard it as normal.

It is a question whether it is possible for us to abandon freedom at home, even in such limited degree, and still maintain our position as the leader in the great movement and association of the nations for the defense of freedom. One of the notable features of developments in the past half-dozen years is the degree in which we have, in fact, lost or surrendered our moral leadership of the free world, the way in which the image of the United States has become transformed in the eyes of the rest of the world so that it is no longer the symbol of freedom that it once was. The tide of intolerance which has threatened us repeatedly throughout our history has at last receded, or is receding—as it has before. But it has left its residue on the land, and our foreign relations have been profoundly damaged.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. William Shakespeare, "Love's Labour's Lost." 2. John Dryden, "All for Love." 3. William Congreve, "Love for Love." 4. Colley Cibber, "Love's Last Shift." 5. George Farquhar, "Love and a Bottle." 6. Charles Macklin, "Love à la Mode." 7. Alfred de Musset, "On ne badine pas avec l'amour" ("No Trifling with Love"). 8. Henrik Ibsen, "Love's Comedy." 9. William Morris, "Love Is Enough." 10. Peter Ustinov, "Love of Four Colonels."

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WIN MONEY on new network TV quiz show. If you're an extrovert and have decent fund of knowledge—call TEmpleton 2-8600 (NYC), or write Box Z-728.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1177

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. State of being unwilling.	11 45 137 145 190 79 172 165
B. Said of an exhibit of a single artist's works (comp.).	118 20 34 185 71 53
C. Coarse in speech.	178 2 23 144 32 106
D. Iron golf club with rather wide blade.	46 148 30 130 186 13
E. Plantagenet.	22 103 120 70 33 93 127
F. The oil used as a fine leather dressing and lubricant (comp.).	83 31 188 8 44 113 24 56 14
G. White mantle thrown over a child at baptism, as sign of innocence (2 wds.).	101 40 134 111 173 27 119 146 163 139 17 59
H. Phrase by a drug addict comparable to the alcoholic's "on the wagon" (3 wds.).	180 158 140 26 125 177 168 143 77 63 66
I. Rare.	15 3 156 50 121 128 65 112 96
J. Most lacking in flexibility.	16 124 171 159 1 49 85 179
K. Of slothful mind (comp.).	105 117 166 60 38 160 183 64 154 73
L. Easy, unceremonious attire.	72 10 61 89 142 150 115 43
M. Most scornful in manner.	170 155 36 48 55 68 92 86 129

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. French writer, sent to study Amer. penal institutions, 1831; most notable work "Democracy in America," 1835-40.	152 175 161 80 28 138 141 90 51 12 110
O. What gave the farthingale, the crinoline, their authority.	9 102 167 174 35
P. Considering that (3 wds.).	52 149 99 133 82 95 122 88
Q. The Swedenborgian institution (2 wds.).	182 47 123 109 147 81 57 136 75
R. Amer. physician, originator of famous cure for alcoholics (1832-1900).	21 76 84 67 100 7
S. Completely.	87 25 164 29 19 54 97 189
T. A modern necessity, formerly considered to be as supererogatory as a second tail for the cat (2 wds.).	104 181 69 58 18 176 153 116 151 5
U. At a distance from home.	126 94 157 169 6 187
V. In ceramics, a small-sized plate.	132 162 91 37 62 108
W. Fly a plane; navigate the air.	4 42 184 135 74 107
X. A name for a mistress in some Latin poetry, in Milton's "Lycidas."	78 39 41 131 114 98

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 J	2 C	3 I	4 W	5 T	6 U	7 R		8 F	9 O	10 L	11 A		12 N								
13 D	14 F		15 I	16 J		17 G	18 T	19 S	20 B	21 R		22 E	23 C	24 F	25 S	26 H								
	27 G	28 N	29 S	30 D	31 F	32 C	33 E	34 B	35 O		36 M	37 V		38 K	39 X									
40 G	41 X	42 W	43 L		44 F	45 A	46 D	47 Q		48 M	49 J	50 I	51 N	52 P	53 B	54 S								
	55 M	56 F	57 Q		58 T	59 G	60 K		61 L	62 V	63 H	64 K		65 I	66 H									
67 R	68 M	69 T	70 E		71 B	72 L	73 K		74 W	75 Q	76 R		77 H	78 X	79 A	80 N								
81 Q	82 P	83 F	84 R	85 J	86 M		87 S	88 P		89 L	90 N	91 V	92 M		93 E	94 U								
	95 P	96 I		97 S	98 X	99 P	100 R		101 G	102 O	103 E	104 T	105 K	106 C	107 W	108 V								
109 Q	110 N		111 G	112 I		113 F	114 X	115 L	116 T	117 K	118 B	119 G		120 E	121 I	122 P								
123 Q	124 J	125 H		126 U	127 E	128 I		129 M	130 D	131 X		132 V	133 P	134 G	135 W	136 Q								
137 A	138 N		139 G	140 H		141 N	142 L	143 H	144 C	145 A		146 G	147 Q	148 D	149 P	150 L								
151 T		152 N	153 T	154 K	155 M		156 I	157 U	158 H	159 J	160 K	161 N	162 V	163 G	164 S	165 A								
	166 K	167 O	168 H	169 U	170 M		171 J	172 A	173 G		174 O	175 N	176 T	177 H	178 C									
179 J	180 H		181 T	182 Q	183 K	184 W	185 B	186 D	187 U	188 F	189 S	190 A												

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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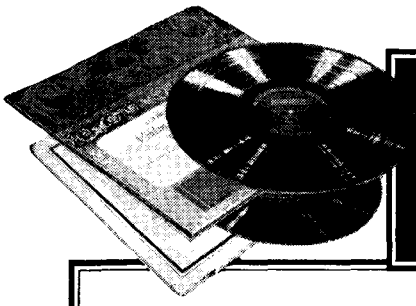

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